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mental_floss

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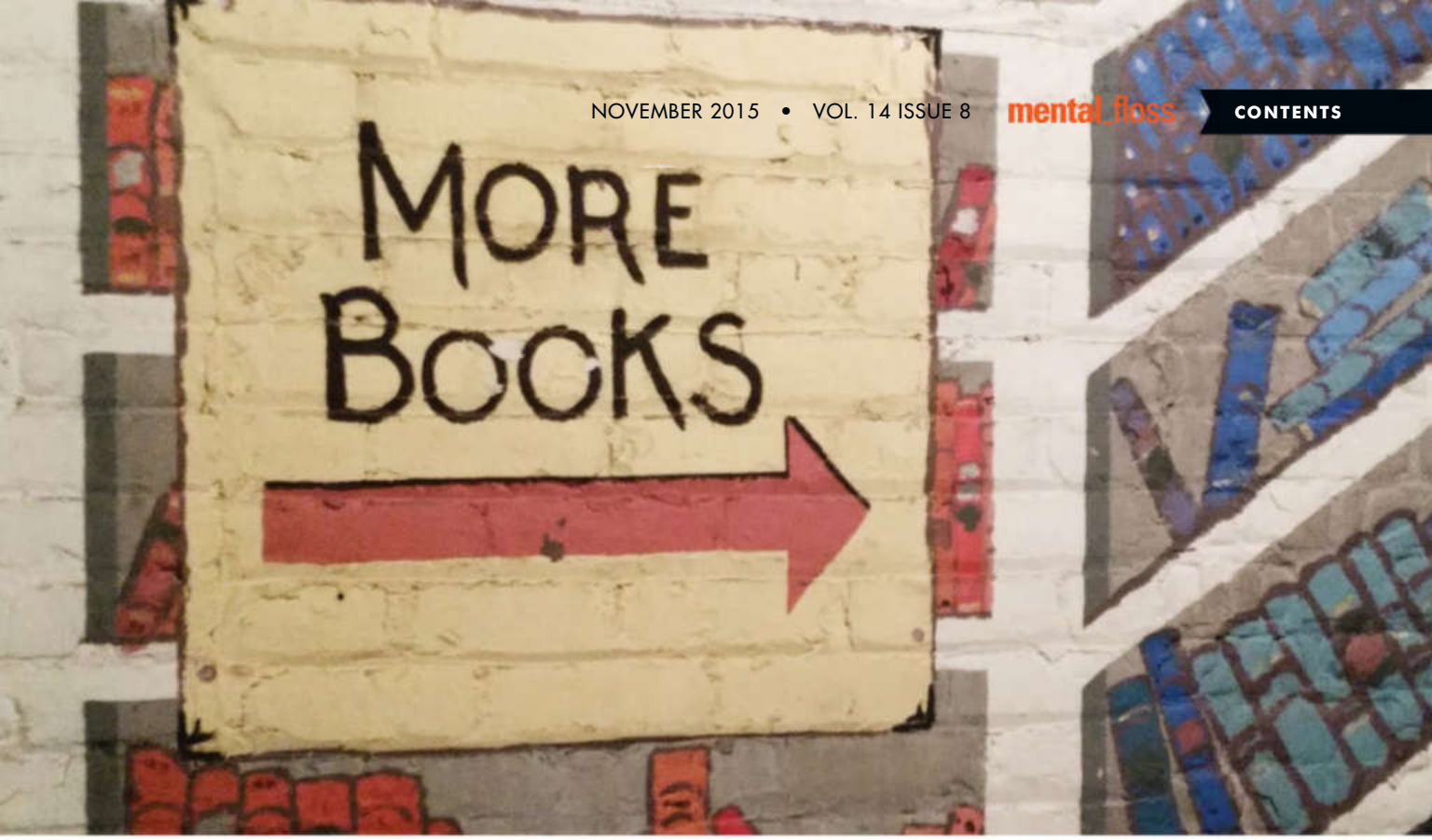

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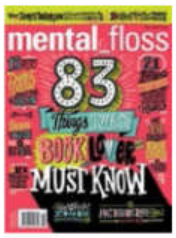

Cover by
Jay Roeder

COURTESY OF JOHN K. KING USED & RARE BOOKS

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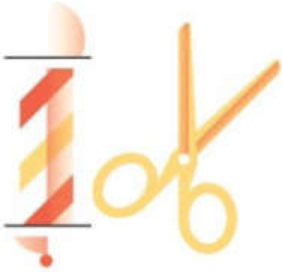

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ALAMY (ROSIE). PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIZ BARCLAY (EGG CREAM). ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON EGGENSCHWILER (PADDLEFORD). ISTOCK (SPIDER). ILLUSTRATION BY ROMUALDO FAURA (BARBER POLE). PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB CULPEPPER (DIXIE CUP). ILLUSTRATION BY LUCAS ADAMS (LINCOLN)

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That moment that makes checking the mail worth it: *mental_floss*.

@thealanemcadams

I recycle old issues and take to my mom's Alzheimer's center. She's a former scientist and painter and she LOVES your magazine.

@sarahmontague

Dark-chocolate-covered pistachios and an issue of @mental_floss. I'm ready for this four-hour layover.

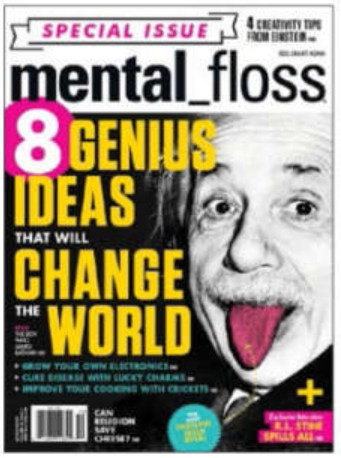
@KayRommel

MENTAL FLAWS (META EDITION)
In October 2015's "Mental Flaws," we attributed a "17 Essential Reads" feature to our July/August 2005 issue. We meant 2015. Woof. For "Big Questions" [September 2015], we forgot to mention that hydrothermal vents (or "black smokers") on the ocean's floor help make the sea salty.

Aspirational Letter of the Month

On my 80th birthday I received a subscription to *mental_floss* from a young niece. I read every word as soon as I got home from the party ... and have been reading *mental_floss* ever since. I gifted a friend. I pass my copies along to a granddaughter's husband. Flossing the mind works. There is always something new to learn.

—HELEN GEISLER



THE COLOR OF INSIGHT

In your last issue, you posted the brilliant observation of a child who asked how we know we see the color red the same ["How Do We Know," September 2015]. I'm synesthetic, which means I see numbers and letters as having colors. I was 40 before it occurred to me that not everyone knew that the letter *C* was red, or that the number *4* was sky blue. It's intriguing to think that our perceptions are really our own, and it's difficult to say if they're the same.
—Richie Holschen

SORRY TO CLEVELAND, MIAMI, AND CLEVELAND

I'm not sure that "The LeBron James of assaulting students" is the best way to describe a "terrifying German headmaster" ["Bad Education," September 2015]. I mean, LeBron is great at basketball, but using his name paired with that of an abusive sociopath just doesn't seem right.
—Michelle Plottidi

MAKE. MY. HOT DOG.

I agree with Chicagoans, as well as Dirty Harry in *Sudden Impact:* "Nobody, I mean *nobody,* puts ketchup on a hot dog" ["The Chicago Dog," September 2015]. As for the term *red hot*, here in Rochester, New York, we use that term to distinguish it from a local delicacy, the white hot. No, it is not a bratwurst, and it has a flavor all its own.
—Grant Downey
[Ed. Note: *That flavor? Uncured, unsmoked, and often featuring mustard with other spices.*]

FACING THE TRUTH

Of course *mental_floss* would solve a long-puzzling question of mine: For years, I have listened to [*The New York Times* puzzlemaster] Will Shortz on NPR's *Weekend Edition*, but I have always wondered, "Does a puzzlemaster truly look like he sounds?" ["Will Shortz, Puzzlemaster," September 2015.] Asked and answered! Was there ever really a doubt?
—Michael Waldman

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letters@mentalfloss.com; @mental_floss

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- 62 of the World's Most Beautiful Libraries
- 10 Works of Literature That Were Really Hard to Write

What Is Pumpkin Spice?

Oh, just 340 chemical compounds ... to start. For the full answer, go to mentalfloss.com/pumpkin spice

ALAMY (HYDROTHERMAL VENT). ISTOCK (LATTE)

There is something

TERRIBLY WRONG

with the Home Security Industry

Hi. Maybe you've been broken into before, or maybe you haven't. But if you ever decide to protect your home against unfortunate events like that, you're in for a shock. We don't want to scare you off of protecting your home, because honestly, it's really important that you do it. But we feel responsible for sharing these facts with you: Most alarm companies take advantage of people who want to feel safe. They offer you a "free" outdated alarm, but then require you to sign a long-term contract full of nasty fine print. It's pretty sickening really...but this isn't going to be all bad news. There is a better way to protect your home—get a SimpliSafe home security system. Our founder, a Harvard engineer, studied the alarm industry and found all kinds of problems with it. He designed SimpliSafe to fix them, so you can be safe, without having to spend a fortune or sign any contracts. SimpliSafe is wireless, you can order it online, and it's easy to install yourself—anyone can do it. It fits any home, apartment, or business. And it's more affordable, more reliable, and stronger than just about anything else out there.

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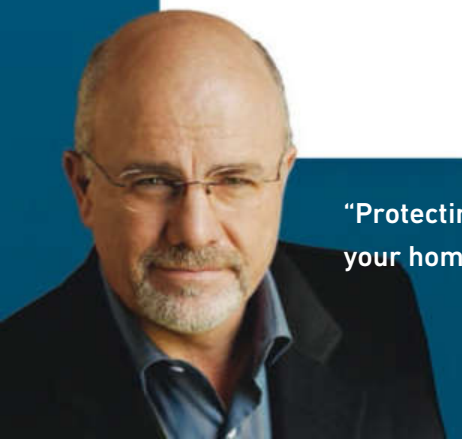

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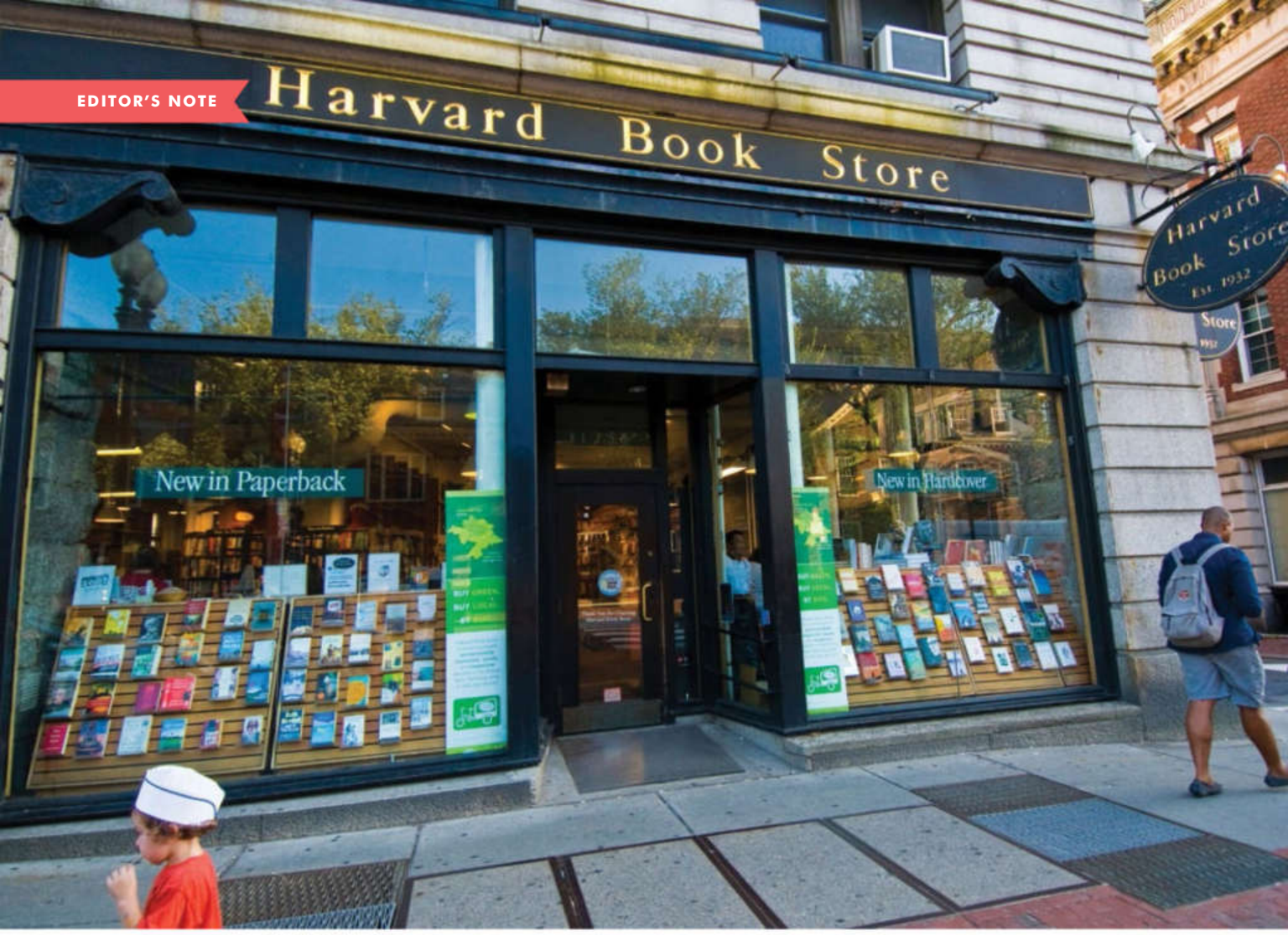
—**Dave Ramsey,** personal finance expert & New York Times Bestselling author of the "The Total Money Makeover"



ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Something awesome happened to me when I graduated from college: I couldn't get a job. For several months I perfected both my cover letters and the art of panic. Then, finally, I got a break—a temp position at a bookstore[1].

It was a last resort that changed the course of my life. In school I'd been focused, perhaps to a fault. I'd forgotten how to read for fun. At work, there was no homework, but you were encouraged to sign out books and take them home. Like a kid in a candy store, I grabbed anything that caught my eye.

That temp gig? It lasted four years. Today I call my bookstore time "second college": The things I learned and the real-life characters I met there (eccentric retired professors, other waylaid young intellectuals, insatiably curious customers) shaped who I am today more than my formal education did. Bookstores are still among the places where I feel most connected and comfortable. There's something reassuring about browsing in orderly, alphabetical stacks, knowing you'll always encounter something familiar but also discover something new.

This issue is devoted to all things books, starting with a beautiful package that pays tribute to the world's coolest bookstores (page 32). From there we explored every angle we could think of: Can you judge a book by its cover? (Page 40.) What's in the back room at your local library? (Page 43.) How does James Patterson *do* that? (Page 44.) Perhaps most importantly: What would have happened if Dorian Gray had watched YouTube beauty vloggers? (Page 38.) (Abraham Lincoln conspiracy theorists will want to turn to page 53 first, however.)

Whether you discover a fresh fact about one of your favorite novels or a new author to explore, I hope this issue serves as a reminder of how important books are to the people we become, as well as a guide to how to fall in love with them again at any age.

jessanne

@jessanne

[1] It was this one, pictured, in Cambridge, Massachusetts—and for the record, it still ranks as my favorite.

ALAMY

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LINDA RODRIGUEZ MCROBBIE's profile of pioneering food journalist Clementine Paddleford (page 24) stemmed from her eBay addiction. "I was looking for older cookbooks to complement my prized 1963 *Ladies Home Journal Cookbook* and found a copy of Paddleford's *How America Eats*. I read her foreword and was intrigued." McRobbie's work has also been published at Slate and Smithsonian Magazine online.

While researching "Everything You Didn't Know About Abraham Lincoln's Assassination" (page 53), **LUCAS ADAMS** immersed himself in the material, attending a table reading of a friend's play about John Wilkes Booth. "I read the part of the conspirator David Herold," Adams says. "It felt cool and creepy to participate in a fictionalized version of the conspiracy."

After talking to Sarah Vowell for Go Mental (page 59), mentalfloss.com executive editor **ERIN McCARTHY** vowed to spice up her own journal. "I'm going to try to make my diaries entertaining so that if anyone has to read them to write a book, they won't be described as Sarah described President James Garfield's diaries: 'a real slog.'"

This issue's cover was made possible not only by the creativity of illustrator **JAY ROEDER** but also by 640 ounces of coffee. "I calculated the exact amount I drank in my studio while working on this project," says Roeder, whose illustrations have boosted Nike and MTV. "I can't say this is unusual to my workflow. Please don't judge."

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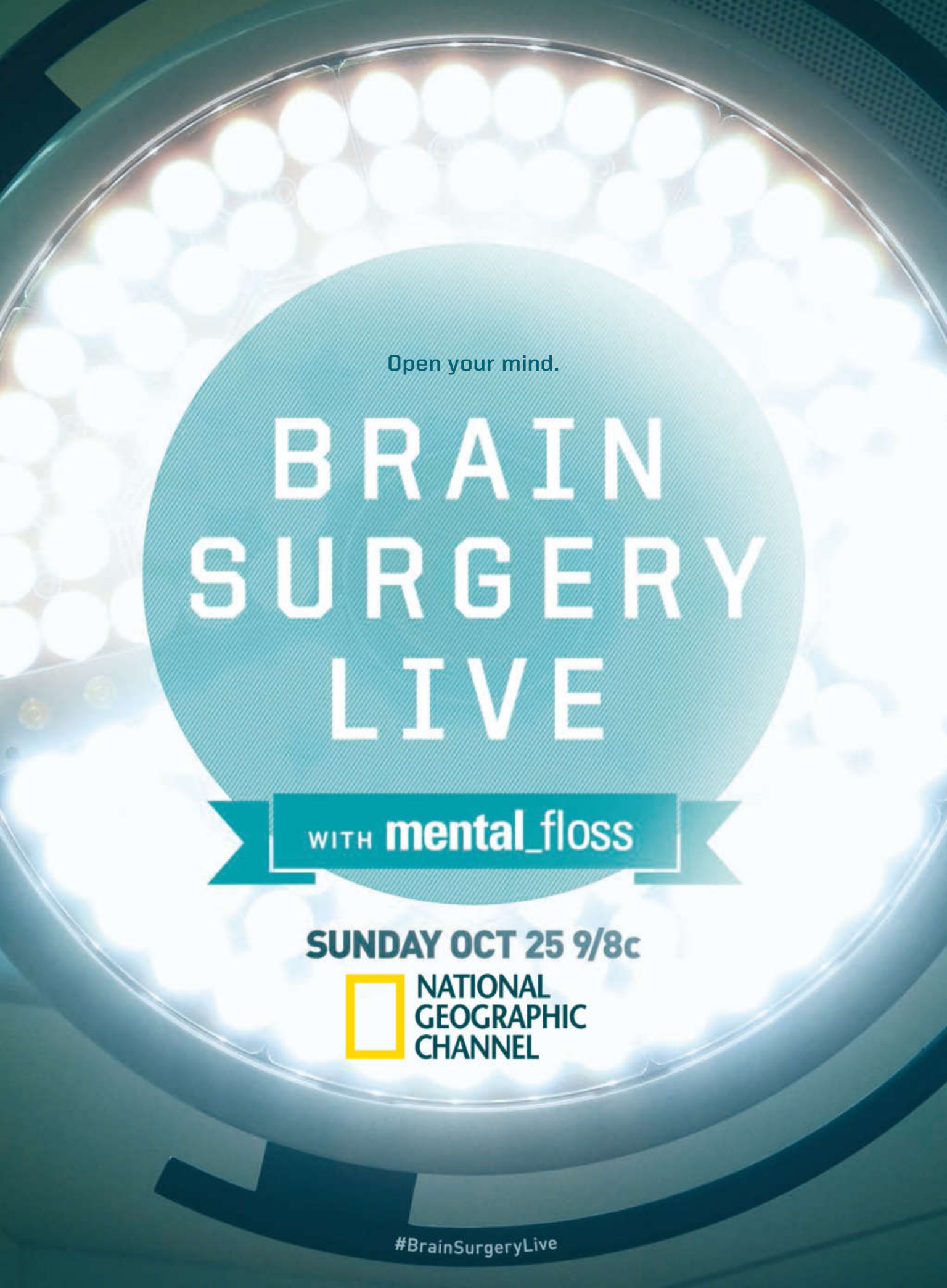
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SCATTER BRAIN

THIS MONTH'S THEME

BRAINS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S MUSICAL FAUX PAS ›
WHY PHILOSOPHERS FAILED SEX ED ›
CAN CHEESE HURT YOUR BRAIN? ›
THE BADASS HISTORY OF BRAIN SURGERY ›

RADIOPAEDIA

THE MAN WITHOUT A BRAIN

Does gray matter really matter?

When a man visited a French hospital complaining of a weak leg in 2007, Dr. Lionel Feuillet ordered him a CT scan and an MRI. The patient, a 44-year-old father, seemed otherwise normal. But when the test results came in, Feuillet was shocked: The man didn't have a brain.

At least, that's what it looked like. It turned out the man had hydrocephalus, a condition of unknown causes in which cerebrospinal fluid fills the chambers inside the brain and squashes brain matter against the cranium. In 1980, neurologist John Lorber wrote about a similar case involving a patient with honors in mathematics, an IQ of 126, and "virtually no brain." His brain was incredibly thin—up to 75 percent smaller than normal.

Lorber has studied more than 600 such patients. While many were disabled, others touted IQs over 100. It just goes to show that the brain has an amazing power to rebound from slow-evolving injuries. In other words, gray matter matters. –EMMA ADLER

FAST FACT

In the 16th century, *noggin* meant "small drinking cup." It didn't refer to the head until boxers used it as slang.

FAMOUS FLUBS

BEN FRANKLIN'S BIGGEST FAILURE

IN 1761, Benjamin Franklin attended a London concert and heard a musician play a set of water-tuned wine glasses. A mellow tone washed over the room, leaving Franklin enchanted—and dismayed. The instrument was unwieldy. One wrong move and all the glasses would topple. So Franklin invented an alternative: a rod of rotating glass bowls called the "glass armonica." The instrument swept Europe by storm; Mozart even composed music for it.

Then it started killing people.

That's what doctors said, anyway. In the late 17th century, anatomists discovered how auditory nerves worked. They began to warn that too much music could cause headaches, fainting spells, and other nervous problems. By the 19th century, music was blamed for hysteria, premature menstruation, homosexuality, and even death.

No instrument was feared more than Franklin's armonica. Critics said it overstimulated the brain; performers blamed it for dizziness, hallucinations, and palsy. In 1808, people attributed the death of armonica virtuoso Marianne Kirchgessner to its eerie tones. Psychiatrists said it drove listeners to suicide. The assault was a PR nightmare, and within decades, the defunct instrument was sent to the great big concert hall in the sky. –LUCAS REILLY

5 THINGS

STRANGE BRAINS

Brain size may not matter, but proportions sure do. Thanks to a biology principle called Haller's Rule, the brains of small animals must take up more room to function. The result? Tiny animals have giant brains for their body size, while larger creatures have hilariously small ones. Ants, for example, are 15 percent brain! Humans? Not even 3 percent. The wacky proportions mean some animals have unusual brains—just ask these guys.

1

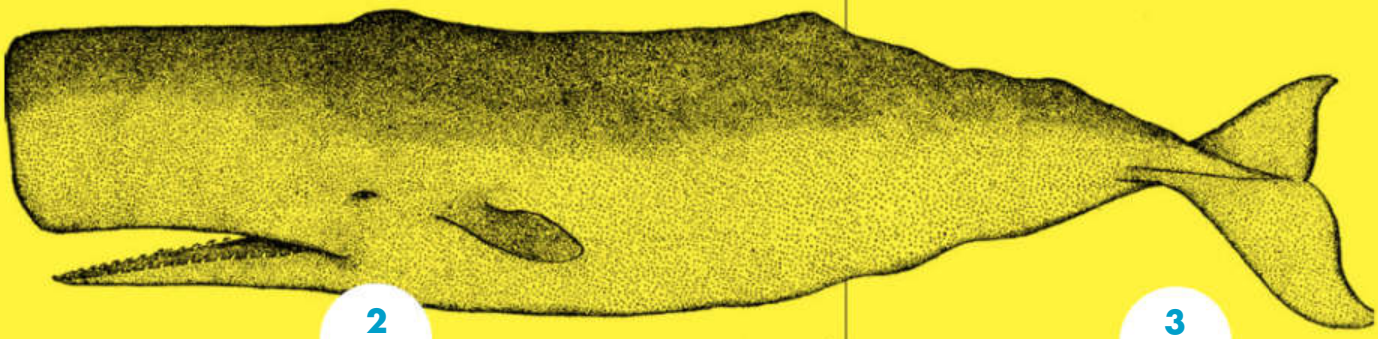
TREE SHREW

The tree shrew is a mystery. It's ratlike but closely related to primates. Scientists have trouble classifying the critter. Even more impressive? It has the highest brain-to-body-mass ratio of any mammal, beating humans.

What Is The Brain Made Of?

History has answered this with some real head-scratchers.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL DOWNEY. ALAMY (TREE SHREW). ISTOCK (SPIDER, CLARK'S NUTCRACKER)

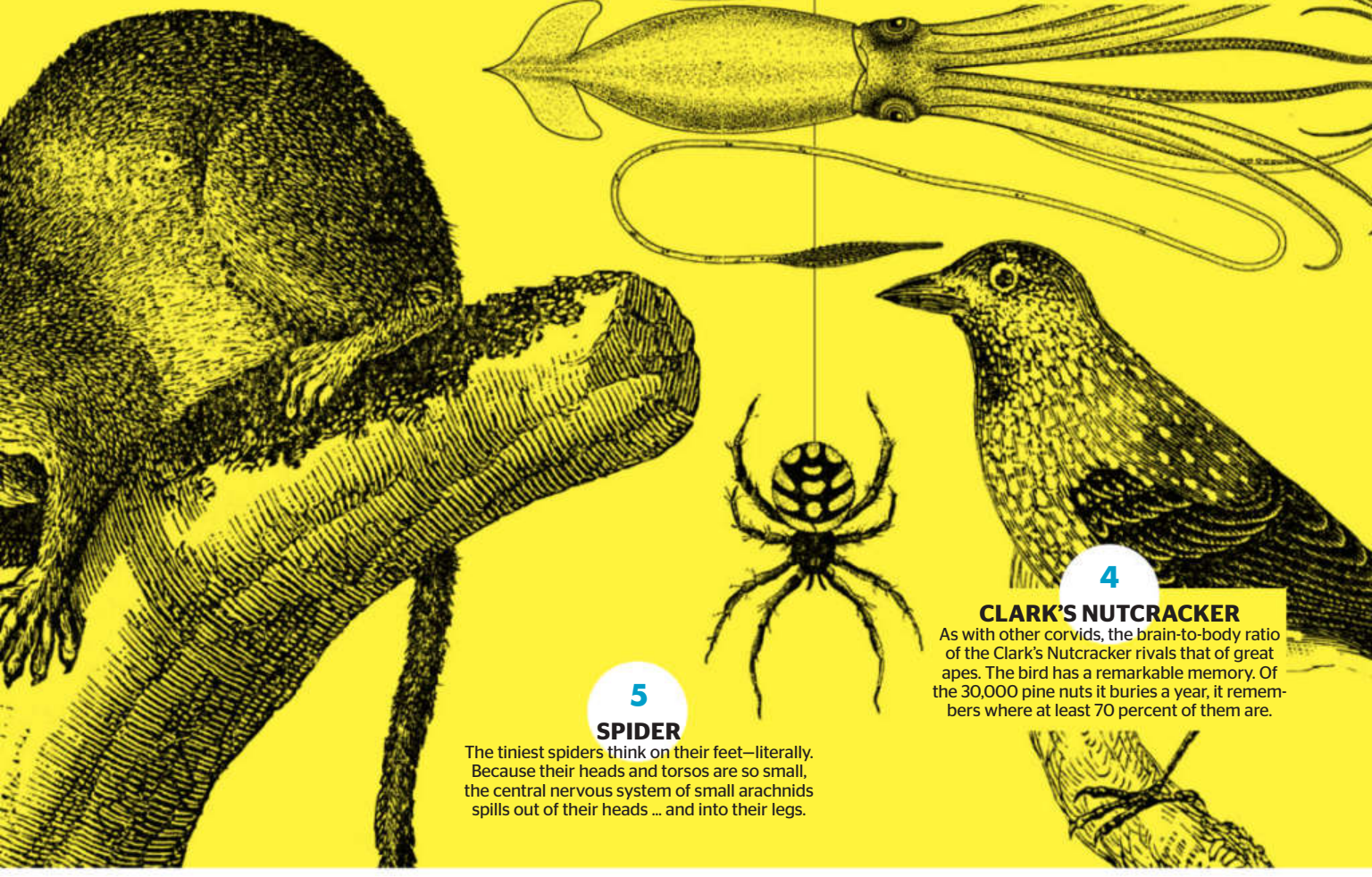


2
SPERM WHALE

At roughly 16 pounds, the sperm whale's brain is the biggest on land or in the sea. But don't be fooled. It's pretty measly, considering the whale weighs 50 tons. Most of its head is filled with fatty, yellow tissue called junk.

3
GIANT SQUID

Circling around the esophagus, the giant squid's brain is shaped like a donut—and weighs about as much as one, too. Since every meal passes through the squid's brain, a large bite of food could actually damage it.



4
CLARK'S NUTCRACKER

As with other corvids, the brain-to-body ratio of the Clark's Nutcracker rivals that of great apes. The bird has a remarkable memory. Of the 30,000 pine nuts it buries a year, it remembers where at least 70 percent of them are.

5
SPIDER

The tiniest spiders think on their feet—literally. Because their heads and torsos are so small, the central nervous system of small arachnids spills out of their heads ... and into their legs.

MUCUS
Ancient Egyptians

The Egyptian word for *brain* roughly translates to "skull offal," which explains how highly they thought of it. They considered it mere organic stuffing that carried mucus to the nose.

SPERM
Alcmaeon of Croton

Like other Pre-Socratic philosophers, Alcmaeon believed semen was made in the brain and traveled down the spinal cord. Like other Pre-Socratic philosophers, he was wrong.

PHLEGM
Aristotle

To Aristotle, the brain was basically a refrigerator that cooled the heart with phlegm. The idea is fossilized in the English language: *Pituitary* derives from the Latin *pituita*, for phlegm.

MARROW
Traditional Chinese Medicine

Believing the brain was an outgrowth of the all-powerful kidney, the ancient Chinese thought the head was filled with a nourishing marrow, thanks to an energy called "kidney essence."

HEART STUFF
Rabbi Gershon ben Schlomo

"The brain and heart share functions so when one is missing, the other alone continues its activities by virtue of their partnership," he wrote in the 13th century.

ANIMAL SPIRITS
René Descartes

In 1664, Descartes wrote that the pineal gland was the seat of the soul, flowing with animal spirits that were like "a very lively and pure flame." The idea had been popular for centuries.

TIME LINE

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BRAIN SURGERY

It took humans no time to crack into a skull. Cracking the art of neurosurgery? That's a different story.

BY **BESS LOVEJOY**

2ND CENTURY
Greek physician and philosopher Galen performs the first experimental studies on the brain. He wants to find out whether an animating life force, known as the "psychic pneuma," exists in the brain's ventricles. Since human dissection is taboo, he focuses on goats.

START HERE!

900
Western knowledge goes dark, but progress continues in the Islamic world, thanks to star surgeons, like Abu Bakr Muhammad ibn Zakariya al-Razi. He emphasizes that locating pressure on the brain is important for making head injury prognoses.

927
Preanesthesia, surgery is tricky. An operation on the king of Dhar (in modern India) involves numbing him with an unknown substance, drilling the skull to remove a tumor, and waking him by pouring onions and vinegar in his mouth.

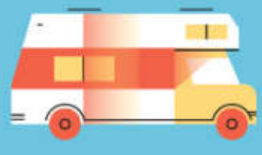
18TH CENTURY
French surgeon François Quesnay proves the brain doesn't feel pain—by driving nails through dog brains. He cautions that procedures should always take place in the patient's home rather than a hospital, which is rife with "unwholesome air."

1550s
Despite their claim of removing the "stone of madness" from the mentally ill, barber-surgeons are banned from holding the knife. But they can still pull teeth, among other things. The swirling candy cane outside barbershops traces to their bloodletting days.

1163
Brain surgery declines after an 1163 edict from the Catholic church: *"Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine"* ("the church detests blood"). It forbids clergy from doing surgery, limiting it to uneducated barbers, who trimmed beards as often as they amputated legs.

1908
Neurosurgeon Victor Alexander Haden Horsley co-invents the stereotaxic apparatus, a device that allows surgeons to dig deep into the brain. Horsley would later die from heatstroke while volunteering in Iraq during World War I after refusing to wear a hat.

1935
After experiments at Yale show that removing the frontal lobes of aggressive chimps makes them more docile, Portuguese neurologist Egas Moniz oversees the first frontal lobotomy. It's a success. In 1949, Moniz wins the Nobel Prize.



1948
Walter Freeman invents the transorbital lobotomy, or "ice pick surgery." (He hammered a pick above the eyelid.) Freeman drives cross-country in a "lobotomobile" to perform it, and the press calls it a "personality rejuvenator." Research later proves otherwise.

STOP!

ILLUSTRATION BY ROMUAL DO FAURA

FROM THE ARCHIVES

HOW TO KEEP YOUR BRAIN HEALTHY ... IN 1596

As excerpted from: *A Rich Store-House or Treasury for the Diseased*, by A.T., a practitioner in physicke, 1596.

A Rule to knowe what thinges are good and holosome for the Braine:

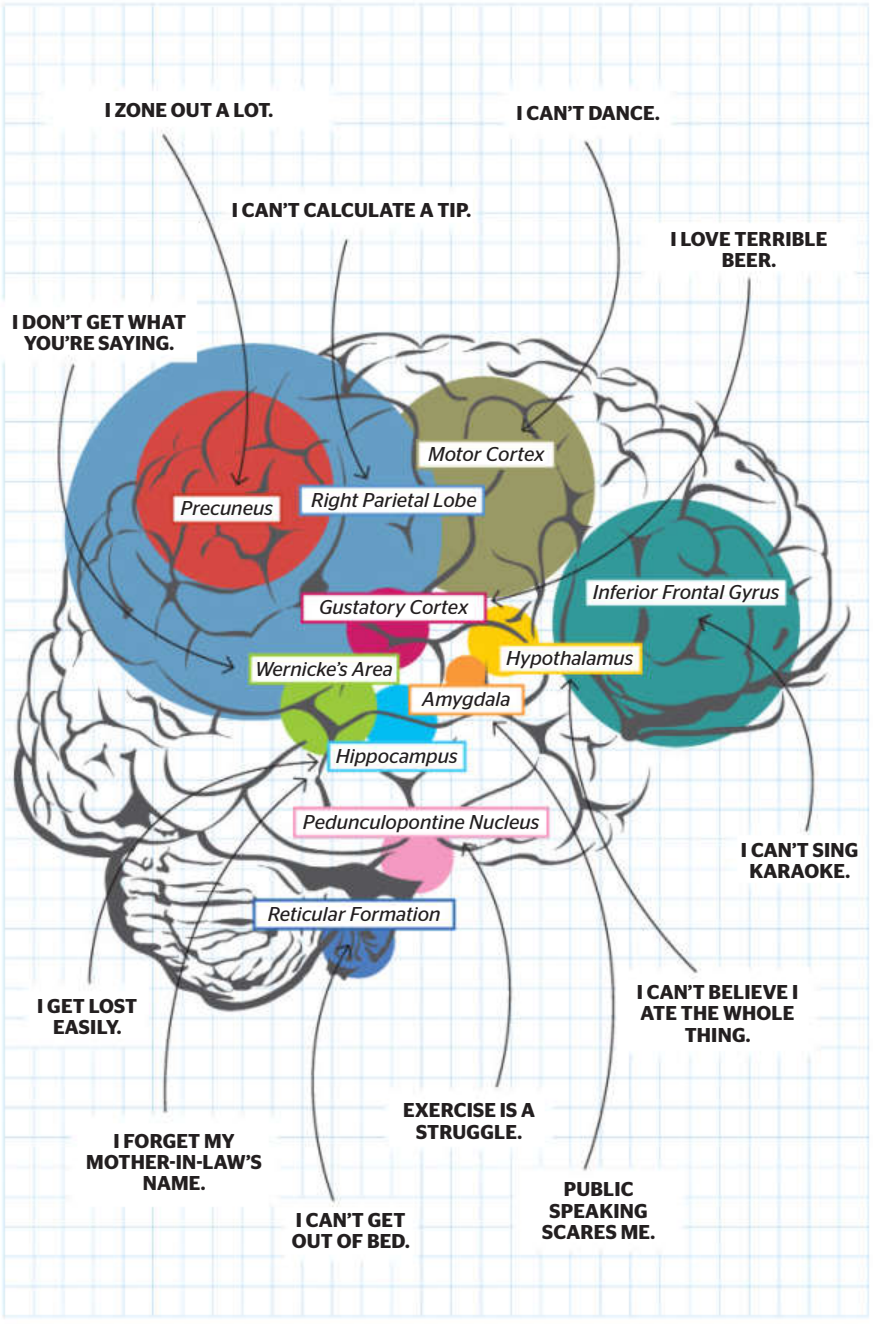
- To eate Sage, but not overmuch,
- To drinke Wine measurablie,
- To keepe the Head warme,
- To washe your Hands often,
- To hear litle noise of Musicke or Singers,
- To smell the sauour of Red-roses,
- And to washe the Temples of your Heade often with Rose-Water.

These thinges are ill for the Braine:

- Drunkennes,
- Late Suppers,
- To stand much bare-headed,
- Overmuch Watching,
- Overmuch Bathing,
- Cheese,
- Garlicke,
- Overmuch Knocking or Noise,
- And to smell a white Rose.

Blame That Brain Region

No matter your particular issue, there's a neurological cop-out. Find yours here!



FAST FACT

Early intelligence tests measured people's sensitivity to the scent of roses and the firmness of their handshakes. (The tests weren't accurate.)

ISTOCK (BRAIN)

FACT CHECK

WHAT DO ZOMBIES REALLY EAT?

A closer reading of the literature proves the menu for your next zombie gathering is more complicated than just "brains."

BY **SEAN HUTCHINSON**

1

HUMAN OFFAL
In the ancient Sumerian *Epic of Gilgamesh*, Ishtar, the goddess of love and war, threatens to start a zombie apocalypse: raising the dead to eat the living. It's the oldest reference to zombies in the world. It makes no mention of brains in particular.

2

LOCALLY SOURCED FLESH
Some say the Nachzehrer from German mythology is actually a vampire, but blood is not on its menu. Instead, after rising from the grave, the ghoul eats its own flesh. As the Nachzehrer feasts, its living relatives become sick.

3

PROTEIN SHAKES
The Draugr was the undead gym rat of Norse mythology. The rotting corpse roamed the countryside and swelled to enormous sizes to show off its strength. It passed the time haunting people and, we assume, eating whey protein by the fistful.

4

ASTRONAUT ICE CREAM
Edgar Rice Burroughs, the author of *Tarzan*, also wrote a sci-fi serial that features zombies ... in space. In *Lost on Venus*, a mad scientist named Skor steals blood from the living and uses it to revive the dead, who do his bidding. Brains weren't part of their undead repertoire.

5

CORN AND PEAS
According to the world's most gullible 12th-century historian, William of Newburgh, undead revenants terrorized medieval Europeans for decades. They were nicer across the pond. On All Souls' Day, the Cochiti Pueblo people would leave corn, beans, peas, and watermelons in church for them.

6

FLESH (HOLD THE BRAINS)
Pop culture's first true zombies didn't eat brains. The script for *Night of the Living Dead* simply says they eat flesh. "I've never had a zombie eat a brain!" director George Romero told *Vanity Fair* in 2010. "I don't know where that comes from. Who says zombies eat brains?"

CRUDITÉS
ASSEMBLED FROM RANDOM PARTS OF CORPSES, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER ISN'T A ZOMBIE, BUT HE'S UNDEAD NONETHELESS. AND PHILOSOPHICAL! HE FOLLOWS JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU'S IDEAL DIET—PURELY VEGETARIAN.

6 Jobs Proven to Make You Smarter

Who says work has to be mind-numbing? Certain professions actually improve your brain.

LONDON BLACK CAB DRIVER

London cabbies must learn 320 separate routes, including 25,000 streets, to get a license. Research at University College London showed that gray matter in the hippocampus, associated with navigation, grows the longer drivers work.

YOGI

Meditating for 10 to 90 minutes a day can make brain regions tied to concentration more efficient. Since they're better at handling stress, long-term meditators lose less gray matter as they age.

PROFESSIONAL VIDEO GAMER

In 2009, researchers asked 26 people to play Tetris for 30 minutes a day. Juggling spatial relationships reshaped their brains: After three months, the gamers had thicker cortexes than the control group.

MOTHER

Kids change everything. According to research in *Behavioral Neuroscience*, the birth of a newborn boosts a mother's gray matter in regions related to maternal motivation, reward and emotion processing, reasoning, and judgment.

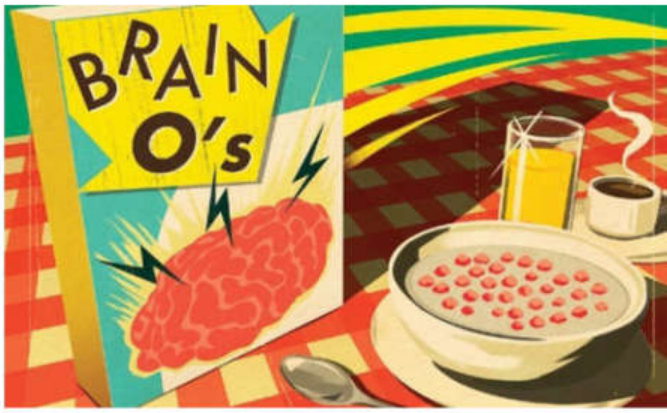
FREESTYLE RAPPER

While being scanned by an MRI, rappers performed both improvised and prepared lyrics. Their brains were more active on the fly (excepting areas linked to self-control), a 2012 *Scientific Reports* study showed.

BALLET DANCER

A 2013 study found that as ballet dancers train, their brains begin suppressing signals from the inner ear that cause dizziness. The discovery could improve therapy for patients with chronic dizziness. —GABE LUZIER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB CULPEPPER. ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL DOWNEY (BRAIN O'S)



SCIENCE SAYS

COULD EATING BRAINS SOLVE ALZHEIMER'S?

WE DON'T RECOMMEND IT. But cannibalism may bring us closer to a cure. In Papua New Guinea, the Fore people once ate human brains, cooking and consuming the remains of deceased friends and family as part of their mourning rituals. For decades, the practice sparked epidemics of a fatal neurological disorder called kuru[1], which is caused by rogue natural proteins called prions. Dining on brains may cause prions to attack your body, creating such problems as mad cow disease. When it was discovered in the 1950s, kuru killed 2 percent of the Fore population each year.

But some people survived: A genetic mutation protected them by stopping prions from attacking. Researchers believe this mutation could guard against other prion diseases—and dementia. In a 2015 study published in *Nature*, scientists introduced the mutation in mice, which became immune to some neurodegenerative disorders. Someday, scientists could hack the discovery to stop Alzheimer's—no brainfood involved. –BESS LOVEJOY

[1] The term traces to a local word meaning "to shake." Body tremors are an early sign.

FAST FACT

Contrary to popular myth, stegosaurus didn't have a second brain in its hip. Nor did any other dinosaur.

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THE ALL-NEW TACOMA

SELF-HELP FOR PROCRASTINATORS ›
3 STEPS TO THE PERFECT EGG CREAM ›
THE CUP THAT SHOOK THE DESIGN WORLD ›

ALAMY

THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO ...

Experience a Butterfly Effect

Every winter, millions of monarch butterflies show the rest of us how to vacation by taking a trip down the "Butterfly Highway"—for some, it starts as far away as Canada—all the way to Mexico, where they spend the colder months under the sun at the Reserva de la Biosfera Mariposa Monarca. With up to a billion butterflies all in one place, the sky becomes clouded with orange wings, and so many butterflies perch on trees that the limbs bend under the weight. Visit between late October and March for a dizzying, surreal, and downright euphoric sight.

MONARCH BUTTERFLY BIOSPHERE RESERVE

Michoacán, Mexico

BRAINTRAINER

3 Reasons to Stop Procrastinating

BY **FOSTER KAMER**

It feels like there are more distractions now than ever. And there's probably truth to that, as evidenced by an uptick in the amount of published research on the causes, effects, and potential treatments for procrastination. Want to stop putting things off? Read on before you get distracted.

1 DO IT FOR THE FUTURE YOU. Among researchers who study procrastination, one conclusion is clear: Procrastinators aren't connected to their future selves. The more we think of our future selves, the less we'll put off the things we just assume that future self, as opposed to the person we are today, will one day get done. One way to start thinking better: Count down the days, not the months or weeks, to a deadline, date, or goal. The specificity of the number of days caused people in a recent study to change "how connected and congruent their current and future selves felt" for the better, by making the future feel more imminent.

2 DO IT FOR YOUR HEART. Earlier this year, scientists set out to see if there was a connection between procrastination and health problems—specifically, hypertension and cardiovascular disease. The answer was disconcerting: Those who reported having either condition were likelier to admit being procrastinators. The study didn't establish causality, but procrastinators may punish themselves by stressing over unfinished projects, or they may exercise less control over their health choices.

3 DO IT FOR THE INTERNET. In August, researchers at Stockholm University published one of the first studies on procrastination treatment. Their results demonstrated that procrastinators can find help—of all places—online. The program used therapist-guided and unguided online programs that broke tasks into subtasks and encouraged participants to reward themselves for getting stuff done. Both the unguided and guided help worked: Up to 36 percent of unguided participants and 40 percent of guided participants felt they were more productive over the course of the study. Hooray! Not all procrastinators with a smartphone are doomed.

[1] "When Does the Future Begin? Time Metrics Matter, Connected Present and Future Selves," *Psychological Science*, June 2015, Lewis, N., Oyserman, D.
[2] "Is Procrastination a Vulnerability Factor for Hypertension and Cardiovascular Disease?" *Journal of Behavioral Medicine*, June 2015, Sirois, F.M.
[3] "Internet-Based Cognitive-Behavior Therapy for Procrastination: A Randomized Controlled Trial," *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology*, August 2015, Rozental, A., Svensson, A., Andersson, G., Carlbring, P.

TRY THIS!

THE EGG CREAM

The simple truth behind the milk shake's cousin from New York City

BY **FOSTER KAMER**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LIZ BARCLAY**

It's one of the most distinctly New York City recipes in existence. Lou Reed loved it so much, he wrote a song about it. And it's simple, really—anybody can make it. It's just milk, chocolate syrup, and seltzer. That's it. But it's also curiously fussy, and it's prompted a hot debate that's become a persistent piece of Big Apple lore, as mythological as the whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa and the alligators supposedly roaming the sewers: Who invented the egg cream? Also, why is it called an egg cream if it contains neither eggs nor cream?

The theories are comically consistent—most involve Eastern European Jewish immigrants in Manhattan during the early 20th century. Sociologist Daniel Bell claimed his Uncle Hymie invented it in a candy store on Second Avenue in the 1920s (and that it actually featured eggs, prior to the Great Depression). Another story has it that a candy shop owner named Louis Auster invented it by accident in the East Village, on Seventh Street and Second Avenue, by mixing water, cocoa, and sugar. Yet another involves Yiddish showman Boris Thomashevsky bringing the recipe back to New York with him from Paris, anglicizing the language for *chocolat et crème* in transit (alternate "evidence": *pure sweetness* in Yiddish is *echt keem*).

Peter Freeman, co-owner of Brooklyn Farmacy & Soda Fountain in Carroll Gardens—where they serve one of our favorite egg creams in a beautiful, restored apothecary—has his own theories, but even he'll admit: "There's only a few things that we really know: One, that it was invented in New York, and two, it tastes really good." For proof, look no further than his recipe, below.

How to Make the Perfect Egg Cream

1 **Gather the raw materials—milk, seltzer, and chocolate syrup—then fill a glass nearly 1/3 full with the milk.** (Freeman uses precisely 1/4 cup plus 2 tablespoons.) As egg creams are largely seltzer, anything less than whole milk will water down the drink, but reduced-fat milk still gets the job done. Either way, milk quality is key—ideally, go for local and organic.

2 **Pour the seltzer in until froth comes up to the top of the glass.** You want to mostly fill the glass (Freeman uses 3/4 cup), but be sure to leave enough room for mixing and foaming. Freeman makes his own seltzer using a syphon, but he really has only one hard and fast requirement for the soda: "It's got to be ice cold. The colder, the better."

3 **Pour 3 tablespoons syrup into the center of the glass.** Gently push the spoon around the bottom of the glass, keeping the action at the bottom to mix in the syrup without destroying your frothy top. You can use any kind of syrup, but purists say "real" egg creams are made with Fox's U-Bet Chocolate Syrup, which is certified kosher and features an egg cream recipe on the bottle. If your grocer doesn't stock it, you can order it online at foxsyrups.com.

THE LITTLE THINGS

The Solo Jazz Cup

You've seen it a million times, but did you ever wonder why? Here's how this beloved little cup came to be.

BY **KYLE CHAYKA**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **ROB CULPEPPER**

1 The purple and blue Jazz design was originally created in 1991 at the Sweetheart Cup Company in Springfield, Missouri. Gina Ekiss, one of 32 designers in the company's art department, created it.

2 Traditionally trained, Ekiss and her colleagues worked by hand using drafting tables and dark rooms. But Sweetheart was transitioning to digital. "That whole context was just a perfect storm," Ekiss says.

3 Ekiss was one of the few workers with computer design skills. When the company announced a cup design contest, she looked to an image she'd created in college and remade it digitally, scanning charcoal strokes made on vellum.

4 "I was reluctant to let the computer have too much control," Ekiss says. "I think part of the reason that I came up with a looser design is because I still wanted to feel like my actual hand went into producing it."

5 The designer printed the charcoal strokes plainly, on white, because they were finely grained and would lose detail in the high-speed printing process.

6 In college, Ekiss had named her original design Razzi, so she came up with a variation. "I messed around with words—what about just *jazz*?" she says. It was a perfect fit for the sketch's improvisational look.

IN 2004, SWEETHEART CUP COMPANY WAS ACQUIRED BY THE SOLO CUP COMPANY. SOLO STILL PRODUCES THE JAZZ CUP TODAY. ITS DESIGNER DOESN'T GET ANY RESIDUALS FROM IT.
THE DESIGN'S PLAYFUL 1980S COLORS WERE A DEPARTURE FROM THE COMPANY'S PREVIOUS STOCK DESIGNS, WHICH WERE MORE SERIOUS.
GET IT!
$10, staples.com

7 Over the last few years, the pattern was rediscovered by online fashion and design communities, becoming a visual meme. This cult fandom has landed Jazz on everything from sweaters to cars. It's also been tattooed.

8 Earlier this year, a Reddit post from lovers of the Jazz cup emerged. They wanted to track down its then-unknown designer. A reporter for the *Springfield News-Leader*, Thomas Gounley, found a break in the form of a tweet from Ekiss's daughter.

9 Gounley cut to the chase. "Her phone number didn't work, so I drove to her house," he says. Ekiss had the day off from her job at Hobby Lobby and answered the door, surprised.

10 She had no idea how popular her design had become. "I was pretty shocked, to say the least," Ekiss says. "It just seems like such a random thing to me after all this time."

11 Ekiss's close friends and family weren't aware of her viral creation before the article came out. "It's not something I use as a conversation opener," she says.

12 These days, Ekiss scratches her creative itch by burning Native American–inspired designs onto gourds. "I wanted to get more back into hands-on artwork," she says. "I guess I'm just stubborn."

LEFT | RIGHT
BRAIN | BRAIN

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS ROCKED THE VOTE ›
WHEN THANKSGIVING WAS HALLOWEEN ›
WHO INVENTED "FUN"? ›

The First Food Writer

With a name like Clementine Paddleford, she should have been unforgettable. So why don't you know who she is?

BY **LINDA RODRIGUEZ McROBBIE**
ILLUSTRATION BY **BYRON EGGENSCHWILER**

IN THE LONG ISLAND SOUND, the world's fastest nuclear submarine was cruising 200 feet beneath the waves. Sirens and horns whined as the crew tested the submarine's alarms. As usual, the USS *Skipjack* hummed with activity. Sailors walked purposefully through tight passageways, their buzz cuts skimming the ceilings. That wasn't the only buzz in the air: Word on the ship was that Clementine Paddleford was touring the galley.

It was March 26, 1960, and after a year of wrangling, the U.S. Navy had finally given the 61-year-old journalist permission to board the *Skipjack*. Now she was in the submarine's capsule kitchen, a cape around her shoulders and a notebook in hand, scoping out the 54-square-foot room where cooks prepared nearly 300 meals a day for the crew. They flurried about, making strawberry shortcake, prime rib, and endless pots of coffee from ingredients

compressed to save space. Though she was no stranger to unusual kitchens, the endeavor was nerve-racking. Paddleford would later write that as she boarded the ship loaded with torpedoes, she'd been "clothed in gooseflesh."

But she hadn't worked so hard just to walk away empty-handed—she'd get her story, along with a brownie recipe that could feed 80. Whether Paddleford was inspecting a kitchen at the bottom of the ocean or piloting a plane across the country in search of new delicacies, she was a fearless pioneer, intent on uncovering tales that would resonate with the American public.

GROWING UP ON a farm in Stockdale, Kansas, taught Paddleford to appreciate the difficulties of ushering food from field to plate—if you craved pork, you needed to kill one of the pigs out back—and her mother instilled a strong work ethic, cautioning, "Never grow a wishbone, daughter, where your backbone ought to be."

Ambitious and nosy, she spent her high school years writing for the local newspaper, and she would head to the local train depot at 6 a.m. after her chores to stake out stories. One morning, the 15-year-old spotted a local businessman boarding a train with a woman who wasn't his wife. It could have been the scoop of her young career, but the story never ran. Her father wouldn't let her file it.

Little else could stop her. She majored in industrial journalism at Kansas State, where she was an editor at both the college newspaper and the local paper she reported for as a teenager. All the while, she earned money freelancing for Kansas newspapers and farm magazines.

After graduating, Paddleford packed her bags with notepads and pencils and left Manhattan, Kansas, for Manhattan, New York. She worked feverishly, freelancing for *The Sun*, *The New York Telegram*, and papers back in Kansas. She made $8 per *Sun* story, writing puff pieces like "Girl Uses a Fake Limp to Get Seat." Despite her motivation, she struggled to make ends meet and supplemented her income with babysitting, waiting tables at a seminary, writing press releases for an interior designer, and working at the Gimbels umbrella counter.

Paddleford felt like a failure. "Sometimes I fairly hate New York," she wrote to her mother. In the spring of 1922, she attended a wedding in Chicago, and within two weeks, she'd made the Windy City her new home. Paddleford promptly landed two jobs—with the *Agricultural News Service* and the *Milk Market News*—making a name for herself covering everything from price-fixing scandals to shipments coming in all the way from China.

Within two years, New York had noticed. The editors of *Farm & Fireside* magazine invited Paddleford to be the women's editor, and she returned to the city. She cultivated a chatty, authoritative voice, reaching out to readers directly for stories. They reached back: Response increased 179 percent during her tenure. Unlike other editors, she refused to be chained to her desk, traipsing onto Midwest farms run by women to find out how they lived. On another assignment, she reported from the home of famous flapper Clara Bow.

In 1930, Paddleford joined the *Christian Herald*, the nation's largest religious newspaper, and picked up the church kitchen beat. She wrote increasingly about food: how to brew a good cup of coffee, how Dickens served Christmas pudding. At the time, most food writing was dry, short, and scientific. Journalists explained the benefits of nutrients and how to measure ingredients for recipes. Paddleford's writing was different. She focused on the people and stories behind recipes instead of just the recipes themselves. Though her turns of phrase would verge on overwrought through the years—mushrooms were "pixie umbrellas," the sun didn't rise when it could "flame into a new day"—her descriptions were so brilliant that readers could almost taste each dish. She tapped into their emotions, too: "We all have hometown appetites," she said. "Every other person is a bundle of longing for the simplicities of good taste once enjoyed on the farm or the hometown they left behind." Her words made people think about food not only as sustenance but as an experience. Then, just as her career was blossoming, her voice became raspy.

PADDLEFORD WAS A NO-NONSENSE FARM GIRL. She wasn't going to visit the doctor over a measly sore throat.

Paddleford's reporting took her all over the world, including Alaska (left) and Denmark (right).

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, MORSE DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD PAPERS

But as weeks passed, her hoarseness didn't improve. The pain became so unbearable that she finally caved and visited New York Hospital. The doctor had bad news: The 33-year-old had laryngeal cancer.

Paddleford was devastated. She needed her voice. How could she do her job as a reporter without talking to people? The timing felt particularly cruel. Finally on the cusp of a national career, she was about to lose what made her exceptional.

Doctors gave her two options. They could stop the cancer by removing her larynx and vocal cords, leaving her unable to speak. Or she could undergo a partial laryngectomy, a new and unpredictable procedure that removed part of her larynx. In this case, she would risk a relapse.

There was only one answer for Paddleford: She needed to speak. Surgeons removed part of her larynx and inserted a permanent tracheotomy tube. For the rest of her life, she'd have to breathe through a hole in her throat—but she could talk. To speak, she had to press a button on the side of her throat to allow air to pass through her mouth.

Though it took her a year to speak above a whisper, within six months of surgery she was back to work, a black velvet ribbon wrapped around her neck to hide the hole. Her low, grating voice didn't stop her from reporting with her typical vigor. She'd later say it was a blessing in disguise: "People never forget me."

In March 1936, she took over the *New York Herald Tribune*'s market column. She woke before dawn and hustled to the markets to file copy about produce prices. It wasn't her creative dream, but Paddleford saw it as a strategic move—the opportunity to write about food full time.

The decision wasn't simply borne out of a passion for good eating—it was also business savvy. In the waning years of the Great Depression, Paddleford wanted a steady income from a beat she knew would keep people interested even in hard times. Brainstorming what people needed most, she wound up with shoes and food. And obviously, she liked food better.

That bet paid off. Her singular voice was a perfect fit for a regular column. Reader response nearly tripled in her first year. Soon she was the paper's food editor, and by 1940, she'd become the food editor of the nationally syndicated Sunday magazine *This Week*.

HER WORK WAS GAME CHANGING. Paddleford was the first American writer to approach food with as much respect and research as other journalists did with the established serious topics. She used it as a vehicle to talk about the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia and the New York World's Fair. When Winston Churchill visited Missouri in 1946, most reporters parsed his Iron Curtain speech. Paddleford wrote about the buffet menu.

She traveled the country, looking for good food and good stories in the cooking pots at hobo conventions and the pantries at governors' mansions, in the kitchens of fine restaurants in New Orleans, Louisiana, and the galley of an 85-foot yacht sailing the Gulf of Mexico. She cajoled kitchen secrets out of everyone from actress Joan Crawford to caterers at the Ritz-Carlton. By the late 1940s, she was filing stories from sugar shacks in Vermont, salmon canneries in Alaska, and trailer homes in Florida, traveling more than 50,000 miles a year as a "roving food editor." It was more than a full-time job: Paddleford worked 12-hour days, starting a column each day at 5 a.m. Surrounded by a personal library of 1,900 cookbooks, she guzzled coffee and, to save time, typed in a personalized shorthand. (A secretary translated it.) When she visited the office, she brought her cats. She didn't just travel to do her reporting—she flew a Piper Cub plane. Between 1948 and 1960, she logged more than 800,000 miles, enough mileage to span the globe 31 times. In her private life, she kept track of her male friends according to what they ate. She almost never cooked at home. One of her two maids prepared her dinner, which she'd eat at her desk.

SHE DIDN'T JUST TRAVEL TO DO HER REPORTING—SHE FLEW A PIPER CUB PLANE.

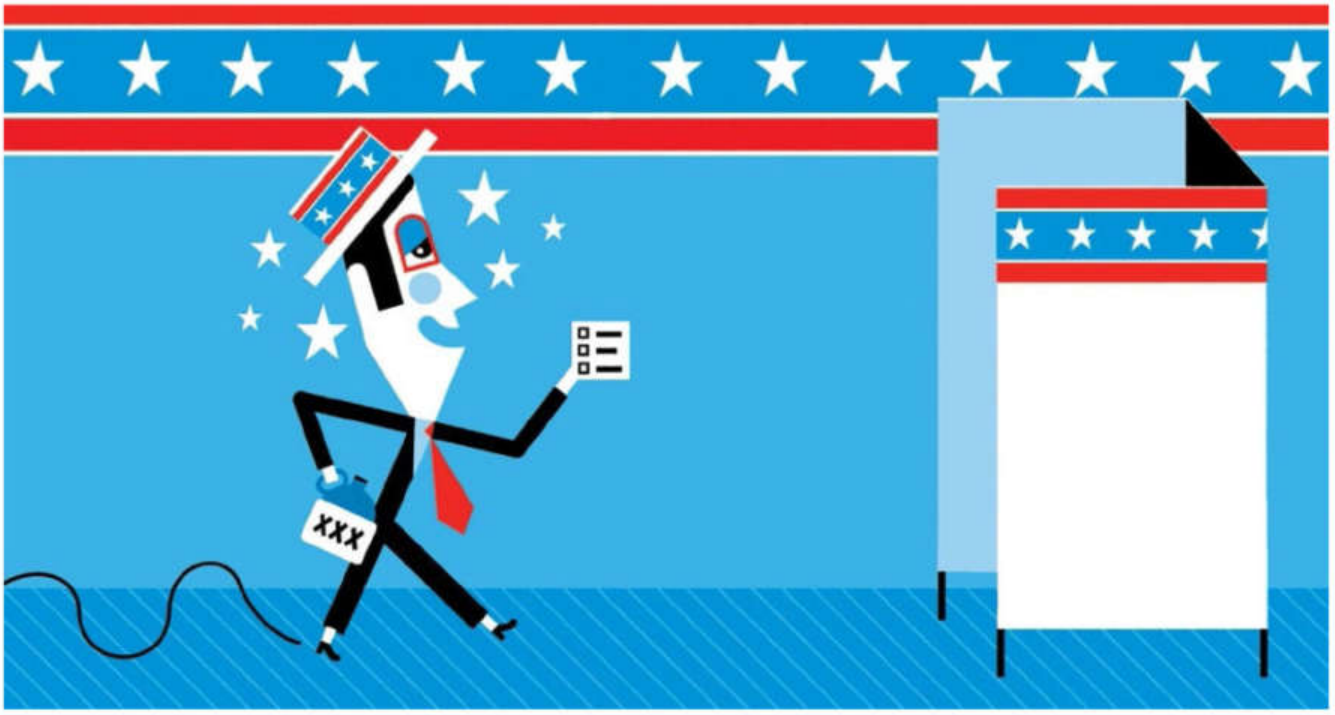
She was an educator, exposing the country to new dishes. And she was practical: During World War II, she tested turtle, beaver, bear, and whale as substitutes for rationed beef, and she promoted American attempts at European cheeses. (Her recipes, however, called for Cheez-Its and canned mushroom soup more often than they called for truffles and fresh lobster.)

The work paid off. Paddleford earned a salary of $25,000—about $250,000 today. More important, she became America's steward of regional food, the first person to celebrate the nation's cuisine as uniquely multicultural. "Tell me where your grandmother came from and I can tell you how many kinds of pie you serve for Thanksgiving," she wrote in 1960.

At Paddleford's height in the late 1950s, roughly 12 million households read her columns. In 1960, she published *How America Eats*, a collection of regional recipes and stories. It was enormously successful and went through several print runs. By then, other writers had begun to stake claims in Paddleford's territory. Food writing was now a legitimate enterprise, and people wanted more.

But when she died in 1967, the genre she created forgot her. Her name was eclipsed by new television food personalities (Julia Child's *The French Chef* went on air in 1963). By 1969, her book was out of print. The work that had consumed her life was carried on by other writers who recalled her name only dimly—and as years passed, not at all.

Still, Paddleford's work survives in the many magazines, books, and television shows now devoted to food, as well as in the realization that taste, culture, and the diversity of America are all vividly reflected in what we eat. Paddleford didn't just discover that. She embraced it, weaving stories with a voice that doctors once feared would never speak again. Its influence has been heard, and has helped nourish people, all over the world.



Democracy's Dirty History

For one thing, a trip to the polls used to involve a lot more booze.

BY **A.J. JACOBS**

DEMOCRACY IS A PRIVILEGE—but it's also kind of a pain in the butt. It involves long lines, an avalanche of fliers, and the lingering smell of baked ziti in public school cafeterias (or maybe the ziti is only at my polling station?).

But be thankful. In centuries past, voting wasn't just a metaphorical pain. It was a literal one. Consider the common 19th-century custom called "cooping": Party thugs would kidnap a voter, get him drunk, then make him vote multiple times, often disguising him in different clothes and wigs.

It sounds like fun and games, but it was anything but. If the voter didn't comply, he was beaten or killed. Though the evidence is far from certain, some think Edgar Allan Poe was killed in a cooping incident. (He was found in a state of delirium on Election Day in 1849, wearing an un-Poe-like straw hat. He died soon after.)

In New York City, the best-known election riggers were from the notoriously corrupt Tammany Hall machine. One Tammany thug recounted a strategy for voting four times—once with a full beard, then with mutton chops, followed by only a moustache, and finally, totally clean-faced. Around the same time, Andrew Gumbel writes in *Steal This Vote*, Philadelphia's Gas Ring gang drummed up votes from dead people, fictional characters, and pets.

If you did make it to the polls, casting the vote itself was something of a hassle, as historian Jill Lepore pointed out in *The New Yorker* in 2008. For starters, you had to bring your own ballot. You had to spell your candidate's name correctly (write *John* instead of *Jon* and your vote was tossed). In fact, our forefathers regarded secret ballots with suspicion, arguing that they made voting for selfish interests too easy. Some states even required oral votes—you had to say your candidate's name loud and proud.

On the upside, if you were shy, it was easy to find some liquid courage come voting day. Even George Washington knew the importance of getting voters totally wasted. When he ran for the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1758, he provided voters with 28 gallons of rum, 50 gallons of rum punch, 34 gallons of wine, 46 gallons of beer, and two gallons of hard cider, which amounted to about a half-gallon of booze per voter. He wasn't alone. Getting voters sauced was so common, it had a name: "swilling the planters with bumbo." (Bumbo was a rum cocktail.) William Henry Harrison went so far as to dub himself the "hard cider candidate" and bring barrels of cider to parades for attendees to imbibe.

Even working at the polls was a risky endeavor. Election officials were subject to kidnapping, Gumbel writes, and even having their coffee spiked with laxatives "so they would be otherwise engaged during the most important phase of the count."

My hope is that one day we'll vote hassle-free online. Yes, there's a risk of hackers—but no smell of leftovers.

ILLUSTRATION BY LUC MELANSON

THE TRICKY ORIGINS OF TURKEY DAY

How the fall holiday wires got crossed

BY **CHRISTOPHER KLEIN**

MASKED CHILDREN ROAMING door-to-door, begging for treats. Well-lubricated adults dressing up for costume parties. Sounds like a normal Halloween—except it wasn't. Less than a century ago, this was Thanksgiving. It seems as bizarre as decking the halls on the Fourth of July, but it's true: For decades before World War II, Turkey Day was the day for putting on false faces.

How did Thanksgiving take such a detour? According to the 1873 book *Old New England Traits*, in the early 19th century, poorer Massachusetts residents started knocking on doors on the holiday's eve, begging, "Something for Thanksgiving?" As a (bad) joke, well-to-do children began dressing in tattered clothes and doing the same.

BOYS PARADED IN EVENING GOWNS, AS GIRLS MARCHED IN PRINCE ALBERT COATS.

The costume idea caught on. When Abraham Lincoln proclaimed Thanksgiving a holiday in 1863, towns from Juneau, Alaska, to Tampa, Florida, began marking the date with masquerade balls. *The Tombstone Prospector* took note of 1890 costume prize-winner Miss Will Sneed, dressed as a gold mine "in a gown that would inspire even the most dejected prospector to try again."

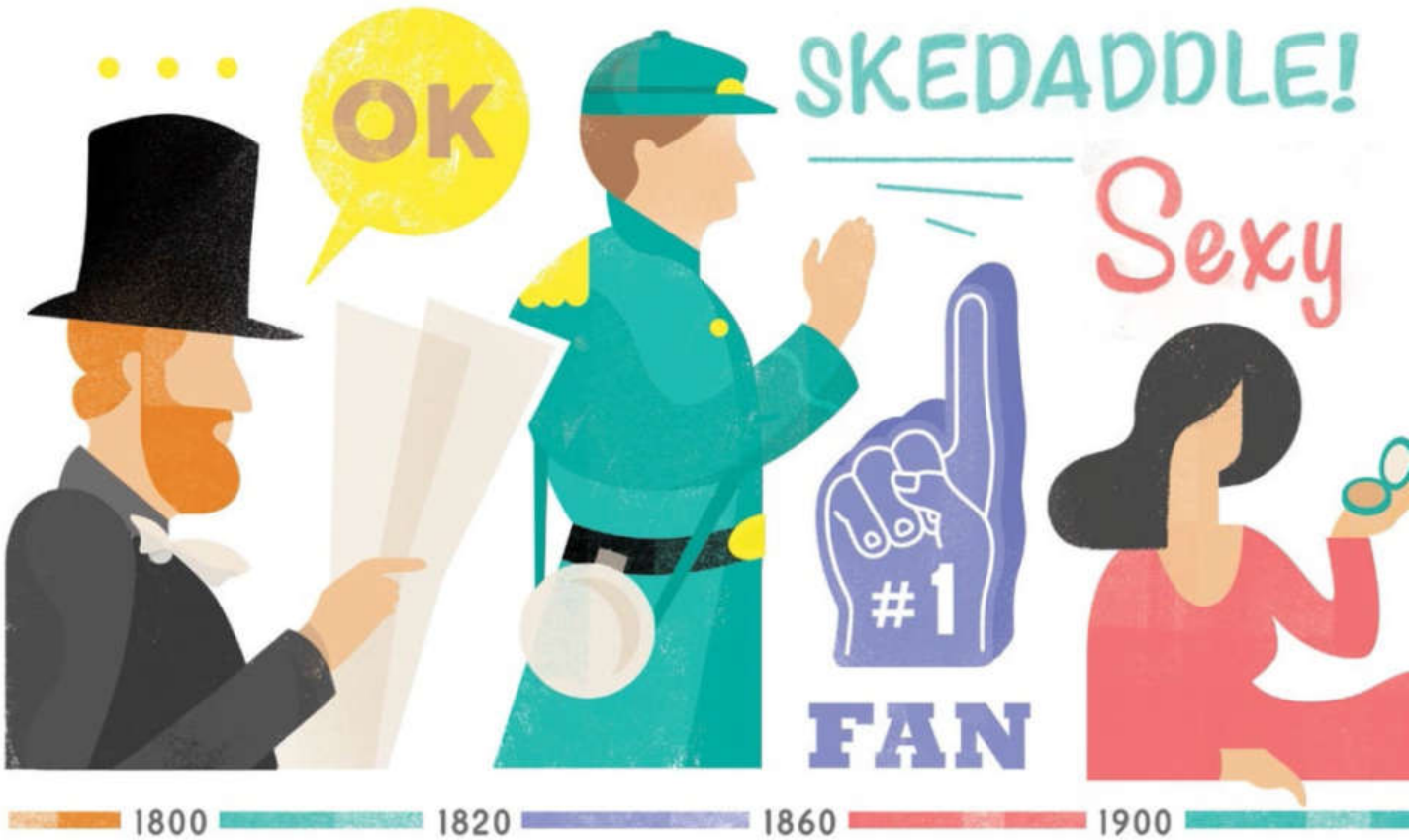
Not to be outdone, New York City brought the trend to the next level. Officials staged a regal annual parade to commemorate both Thanksgiving and the British evacuation of New York. Immigrants spoofed the stuffy, uniformed military companies by putting on their own show. Working-class men poured out of saloons and marched through streets blowing tin fish horns and beating drums. They called themselves Fantasticals and dressed garishly as clowns, politicians, and celebrities, like Buffalo Bill. Kids raided their parents' wardrobes to join in the fun: Boys paraded in high heels and old evening gowns, as girls marched in oversize Prince Albert coats. Sensing a business opportunity, stores started selling nightmare-inducing papier-mâché masks before the fete. Children prowled the streets on Thanksgiving morning, ringing doorbells to ask strangers, "Anything for Thanksgiving?" So many kids were sporting tattered clothes and darkened faces on Thanksgiving that by the 1900s, it was known as Ragamuffin Day.

Fantasticals died out by the turn of the 20th century, but "Thanksgiving maskers" flourished—not to everyone's amusement. "The practice of ringing all the doorbells and demanding backsheesh is long past a joke," *The New York Times* complained in 1903. "This must be a foreign innovation," intoned a 1909 Sons of Daniel Boone handbook, "for no self-respecting American boy would think of parading the streets dressed up like a ragamuffin and begging a cent from each passer-by." Sadistic New Yorkers threw stove-heated coins known as "red pennies" onto the street and howled in laughter as kids burned their fingers.

Red pennies failed to stop the ragamuffins, but the Great Depression did. Everybody had empty pockets by the 1930s, and the question "Anything for Thanksgiving?" was answered with "No." At the urging of New York's schools superintendent, civic organizations organized costume contests and parades to discourage kids from "going ragamuffin'" door-to-door.

It worked. Thanksgiving reverted to an austere, family-oriented holiday, and by 1950, trick-or-treating had shifted to a less sacred day—Halloween. The change left grown-up ragamuffins nostalgic, even about red pennies. "I remember how my fingers got blistered," patrolman Leo Carey recalled to *The New York Times* in 1931. "But they don't have any real fun like that any more."

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL KRALL



Talk of the Times

What we say today shapes the vocabulary of tomorrow.

BY **ARIKA OKRENT**

BOOMERS, GENERATION X, MILLENNIALS—every 20 years or so we name a new generation. We characterize them by cultural shifts in fashion (bell-bottoms!), musical styles (grunge!), and food preferences (kale!). But generations can also be characterized by language, as seen in a new book by Allan Metcalf, *From Skedaddle to Selfie*, out in November from Oxford University Press. The expressions that rise to prominence at particular times often reveal surprising things about who we are.

When the nation was young, members of the Transcendental Generation (born 1792 to 1821) had a spiritual, authority-questioning bent. They brought *transcendental* into the general vocabulary. They also, writes Metcalf, "bequeathed to the country its greatest and most successful word": *OK*. First used by a Boston newspaper editor as an intentionally misspelled, jokey abbreviation of "all correct"—similar to the publishing industry's term *TK* to indicate material "to come"—the expression took off during the 1840 re-election campaign of Martin Van Buren, who was also known as Old Kinderhook. His supporters set up OK clubs, jauntily suggesting he was "oll korrect." Detractors quickly turned the new word around to criticize Van Buren (he's "orfully konfused!") and his predecessor Andrew Jackson (so illiterate he couldn't spell *all correct*!). Eventually everyone forgot where *OK* came from, and it became an all-purpose staple.

After the Transcendentals came the Gilded Generation (born 1822 to 1842). They were "gilded" since they would witness great economic expansion. During the Civil War, they coined *skedaddle* as a mocking description of an enemy beating a "hasty and disorganized retreat." When the Union army was defeated at the Battle of Bull Run, Southerners referred to the retreat as "The Great Skedaddle." Northerners threw the insult right back: A newspaper report called it "a phrase the Union boys up here apply to the good use the seceshers make of their legs in time of danger." This made-up word with a silly sound brought a little levity in dark times.

Born around the upheavals of war, the Missionary Generation (born 1860 to 1882) became idealistic, politically active adults. They gave us *sweatshop* in

their fight for workers' rights. Not all new words were so serious: The Missionaries also gave us *fan*. In 1885, a sportswriter was compelled to explain that *fan* was "base ball slang" for *fanatic*. That explanation soon became unnecessary.

The Lost Generation (born 1883 to 1900) had to contend with World War I as they came of age. They seemed to have lost their way spiritually and, according to their elders, morally. They filled the Roaring '20s with words like *flapper*, *speakeasy*, and *jazz*—and they were also the first to use *sexy*. According to Metcalf, "until the 20th century, nobody was sexy." At first the word described risqué content or temptations—like "sexy" magazines, books, or plays—or the feelings they might inspire. Later it became an approving way to describe a person, and anything generally exciting.

SPORTSWRITERS ONCE HAD TO EXPLAIN THAT *FAN* WAS SHORT FOR *FANATIC*.

The GI Generation (born 1901 to 1924) fought World War II or stayed home and rationed, scrimped, and saved to help the war effort. People started to smuggle home their restaurant leftovers to give to the family pet. "And so to prevent loss of napkins, or perhaps to encourage patriotic frugality," restaurants started providing *doggie bag*s.

Trick or treat came from the Silent Generation, born during the Great Depression. Characterized as sedate and ready to conform, they became bobby-soxers and wore gray flannel suits, but as kids they coined the common Halloween request, which was a bit more polite than the previous "Shell out!" (For more on Halloween's origins, see "Turkey Day's Tricky Origins," page 29.)

Tooth fairy took flight with the Boomer Generation (born 1943 to 1960), who also gave us *hippie*, *yuppie*, *psychedelic*, and *groovy*. They lost their baby teeth in a time of optimism, prosperity, Disney films, and Tinkerbell. A fairy-run cash-for-teeth scheme made perfect sense (the going rate then was 10 cents a tooth).

A generation can also reinvent an old word. *Fun* was a noun long before the slackers and hackers of Generation X (born 1961 to 1981) existed, but their generation turned it into a full adjective, injecting it into "a fun time," "a fun call," "a fun concert," and the wealth of other types of fun to be had.

Most recently, the so-called Homeland Generation (born 2005 and later) has been doing something different with *wait*, using it for statements and questions alike. Metcalf noticed his grandson saying things like, "Wait ... where are we going?" and "Wait ... I'm going over to the neighbor's house." It's both a pause and a request for attention, and it's "reminiscent of [Metcalf's own] Silent Generation's thoughtful approach to the world." Is the newest generation articulating a distinctive way of viewing the world? It's too early to tell, Metcalf concludes: "We'll have to wait."

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN-PATRICK THOMAS

83 THINGS EVERY BOOK LOVER MUST KNOW

VISIT A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE-TURNED-BOOKSTORE, MEET THE AUTHOR WHO WILL SAVE READING, AND LEARN HOW TO MAKE YOUR PUBLISHING DREAMS COME TRUE.

8 of the World's Coolest Bookstores

1

LIBRERIA PALAZZO ROBERTI

Bassano del Grappa, Italy

Town code mandates that the library of this 17th-century palazzo, which features frescoes by Rococo painter Giovanni Scajaro, must remain a home for books. So when a new family moved in, they became booksellers. The sisters who manage the store also host monthly book-and-tea events with handmade pastries.

2

THE LAST BOOKSTORE

Los Angeles

This bibliophile's utopia contains 20,000 square feet of books. There's a back room stocked with 100,000 of them, each on sale for $1, and ever-changing book-based sculptures, like tunnels, portholes, a service desk, and a working light switch ensconced in a dictionary.

3

THE BOOK BARGE

Burton Under Needwood, England

This rehabbed 60-foot narrowboat contains a selection of mostly donated books acquired through newspaper ads. The owner, former journalist Sarah Henshaw, also specializes in curating "little libraries" for clients.

2

4

JOHN K. KING USED & RARE BOOKS

Detroit

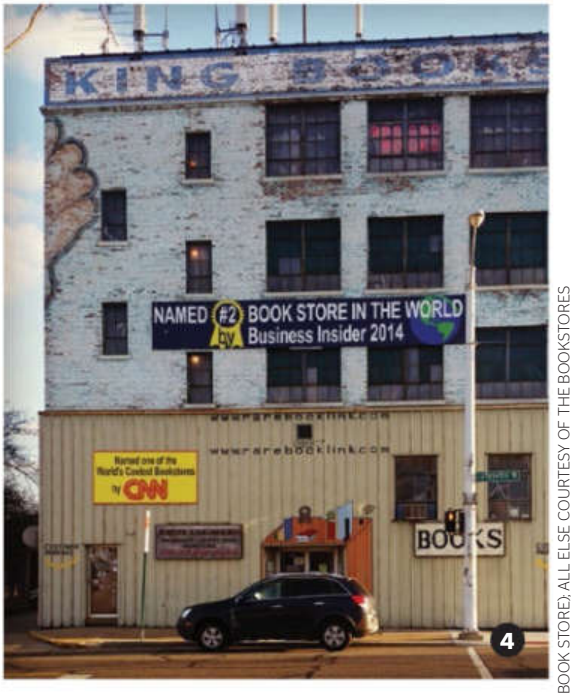
A former hat manufacturer/sanitarium/glove factory now hosts rare one-of-a-kind books within its four stories, including a first edition of The Book of Mormon for $100,000.

5

TELL A STORY

Lisbon, Portugal

Inspired by a visit to China, where stationers sell school supplies to kids from vans, Tell a Story's owners drive a 1975 Renault Estafette through the city, proffering translated Portuguese literature.



4

5

PREVIOUS SPREAD: COURTESY OF LIBRERIA PALAZZO ROBERTI. THIS SPREAD: JAMES MARTINEZ (THE LAST BOOK STORE); ALL ELSE COURTESY OF THE BOOKSTORES

10 AUTHORS WE LOVE ON THE BOOKSTORES THEY ADORE

HANYA YANAGIHARA

A LITTLE LIFE

Three Lives & Company, in New York's West Village, is the kind of tiny, cheery bookshop that exists only in movies, and that people come to New York hoping to find (well, I did). If you go at 5 p.m. on any weekend, there's a lovely, two-glasses-of-rosé kind of intimacy that settles in, an impromptu salon of regulars, the very well-read bookselling staff, and tourists all talking books.

POROCHISTA KHAKPOUR

THE LAST ILLUSION

It's a tie between **Marfa Book Company** in Marfa, Texas, for its good looks, and **Square Books** in Oxford, Mississippi, for sentimental reasons (my first Faulkner pilgrimage when I was in college).

MALLORY ORTBERG

TEXTS FROM JANE EYRE

Feldman's in Menlo Park, California, because it's where I discovered Shirley Jackson by accident my junior year in high school.

MEGAN ABBOTT

THE FEVER

If I can qualify it as my favorite bookstore-for-whom-my-debt-is-the-greatest, it'd be **Murder by the Book** in Houston, its extraordinary owner McKenna Jordan, and its brilliant booksellers. They serve as one of the great beacons of light in the crime-fiction community.

SARAH VOWELL

LAFAYETTE IN THE SOMEWHAT UNITED STATES

Country Bookshelf in my hometown of Bozeman, Montana, for bogarting my babysitting money throughout my formative years; **Politics and Prose** in Washington, D.C.; **Elliott Bay** in Seattle; **Powell's** in Portland, Oregon; and an honorable mention to **Eslite** in Taiwan for making book shopping second only to dumpling eating as Taipei's favorite pastime.

RAINA TELGEMEIER
SISTERS

I'll give a special shout-out to **Kidsbooks** in Vancouver, British Columbia. They specialize in children's books, have amazingly creative window displays, know their customer base inside and out, and put on the finest events anywhere in the world.

RAINBOW ROWELL
CARRY ON

This is tough, but I'll say **Waterstones Piccadilly**, because if I'm there, it means I'm in London. Also, I once had an amazing beet salad at the restaurant on the top floor.

LEIGH BARDUGO
SIX OF CROWS

Books & Books in Miami—there's a bar! Drop by **Once Upon a Time** in Montrose, California, for just a few minutes and you instantly sense how important the store is to the community. **Parnassus Books** in Nashville, Tennessee, has a great crew of local authors, adorable dogs roaming the aisles, and [owner] Ann Patchett.

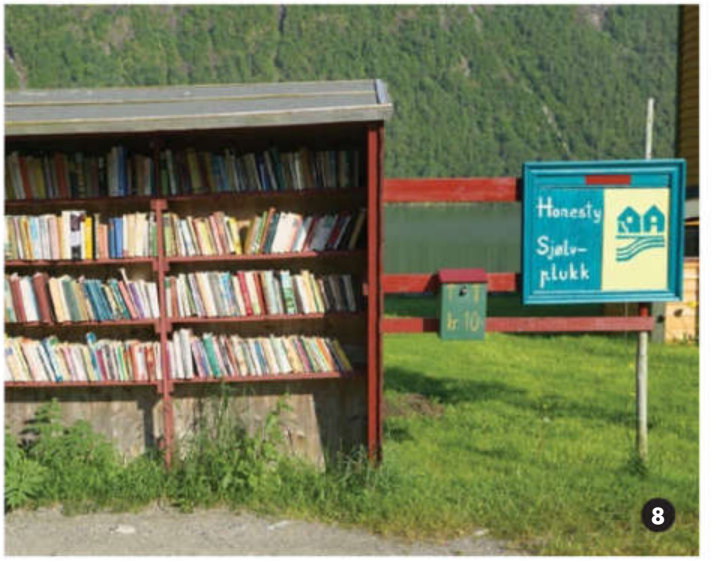
ROXANE GAY
BAD FEMINIST

This is a tough choice because there are many I am fond of but **The Last Bookstore** in Los Angeles. It is such a strange, quirky space that feels different each time. (See page 34.)

ANN M. MARTIN
RAIN REIGN

The Golden Notebook in Woodstock, New York, is small but carries a wide variety of titles, has a dedicated and involved staff of book lovers, champions local authors, and is a vibrant part of the community, sponsoring many author events. **Books of Wonder** in New York City is a children's-only bookstore with shelf after shelf of new titles and classics, a special interest in L. Frank Baum and the Wizard of Oz, a tantalizing case of old and rare books, and a passionate owner who regularly brings together children's authors and illustrators.

ALAMY (EL ATENEO GRAND SPLENDID, FJARELAND). ALL ELSE COURTESY OF THE BOOKSTORES



6

LIBRERIA EL ATENEO GRAND SPLENDID

Buenos Aires, Argentina

A 1,050-seat theater from the 1920s is the flagship store of Grupo Ilsha—sort of the Barnes & Noble of Argentina—and features theater boxes–turned–reading rooms. Take a whirl in front of a live audience by dining at the café situated on the stage.

7

THE BOOK BARN

Niantic, Connecticut

Come for the seaside location, the free coffee, the pygmy goats, and the stock of 350,000 to 500,000 books, most of which sell for around $4. The cluster of buildings housing books have fun themes, like "Ellis Island," which houses new arrivals.

8

FJAERLAND

Norway

The first "book town" in Scandinavia—situated between a fjord and a glacier—was established in 1995 and offers three miles of books. Fjaerland's post office, grocery store, and stables all serve as stores; they're stocked by sled during Norway's long winters.

Literary Life Hacks

Fiction's famous characters* could have benefited from our golden era of easy fixes. Learn from what they didn't know.

BY **NICK GREENE**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **MIKE ROGALSKI**

1 As an orphan forced to toil endlessly in a savage workhouse, you're constantly hungry and exhausted. After a game of chance with fellow orphans, you ask for more gruel from the wicked beadle Mr. Bumble, who denies your request.

#LifeHack **Build a "yes" ladder.** People are more inclined to agree to favors if they've already answered in the affirmative to a series of lower-stakes inquiries. Start by asking Mr. Bumble simple questions like, "Are orphans good at picking oakum?" before moving to the riskier request for more food.

2 You and your Greaser friend Johnny hide out in an abandoned church in the country after Johnny stabs and kills a Soc during a fight. The church catches on fire with a group of children inside, and you and Johnny try to rescue them.

#LifeHack **Make your own fire extinguisher from household items.** Pour 12 ounces of white vinegar into a jar. Loosely place a paper towel over the jar. Wrap a rubber band around the jar's lip, then scoop 2 tablespoons of baking soda into the towel. Replace the lid. In case of fire, shake the jar, then open and pour over the blaze.

3 As a handsome young man in Victorian England, beauty and the pursuits of pleasure rule your life. Even as your narcissism hurts the people you love, you become more self-obsessed and isolated. The ravages of age are magically transferred to a portrait locked in your attic, and you maintain your good looks and youth as your world crumbles around you, sending you into a bit of an emotional tailspin.

#LifeHack **Make your own face scrub** with lemon juice, ground-up oatmeal, sugar, kosher salt, honey, and olive oil. An abrasive face scrub removes dead skin from pores where dirt and grease may be hiding. This at-home remedy keeps wrinkles away without costing you your moral center.

4 During an ill-advised hike through the Yukon in the dead of winter, you fall through a sheet of ice, soaking your legs in freezing water. Building a fire is now crucial, but you fumble with the matches due to creeping hypothermia, and each attempt becomes more difficult.

#LifeHack **Doritos make for surprisingly good kindling.** They're fried in oil, which ignites easily. Also, rubbing a 9-volt battery on steel wool creates a short circuit, sending the battery's currents coursing through the metals and turning the bundle incandescent in seconds.

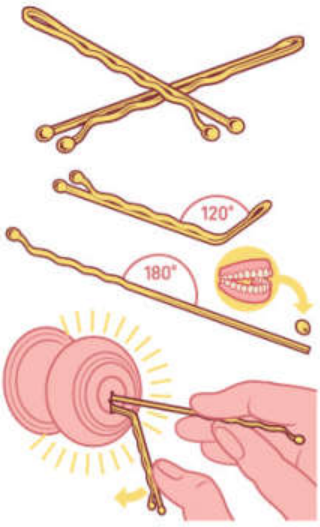
5 You keep hearing the thumping heart of your neighbor, which is driving you crazy, literally. (It doesn't help that he's dead, and also, that you murdered him.)

#LifeHack **A white noise machine can help even the most restless sleeper.** By providing a constant level of volume and frequency, it drowns out bothersome abrupt sounds that force your brain to identify something new, which disrupts your sleep. (A fan can provide the same constant hum.) Also, try layering a rubber floor mat underneath a heavy area rug to soundproof your floor—and whatever you have buried under it.

6 Your moody son, Hamlet, is feuding with your new husband, Claudius, whom Hamlet suspects of murdering your ex to assume the throne. Claudius hatches a plan to have Hamlet fence with the son of the king's council, who will use a poison-tipped lance. He also prepares Hamlet a drink spiked with poison, but in the commotion—whoops!—you accidentally drink the concoction. "No, no, the drink, the drink—O my dear Hamlet! The drink, the drink! I am poisoned," you say. Then you die.

#LifeHack **Keep a hair tie or rubber band around your wrist.** Slip it around your drink so you know which is yours.

7 When your bratty cousin John attacks you, you fight back, but his pill of a mother catches you and locks you in the red room, where your beloved uncle died. Later, you're sent to a home for orphans.



#LifeHack **Pick the lock using hairpins.** Bend one 60 degrees a centimeter from its end. Insert in lock; apply torque. Straighten other hairpin. Bite off nub; slide that end into keyhole. Maneuver to catch the lock's barrel. Open the door; beat up cousin.

*1. Oliver in Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist* 2. Ponyboy in S.E. Hinton's *The Outsiders* 3. Dorian in Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* 4. Unnamed man in Jack London's "To Build a Fire" 5. Unnamed narrator in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" 6. Gertrude in William Shakespeare's "Hamlet" 7. Jane in Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*

THE SECRET LIVES OF ROMANCE WRITERS

One of every 10 novels published for adults is a romance. Each year, the genre brings in $1 billion in the U.S. alone. But, like most authors, romance writers on the rise often have to find creative ways to pay the bills while they pen their masterpieces.

Kiernan Kramer
Cloudy With a Chance of Marriage; If You Give a Girl a Viscount
Before writing 10 books, Kramer worked at the CIA as an analyst and editor. She also won $34,000 on *Wheel of Fortune*.

Jane Yardley
Painting Ruby Tuesday; A Saucerful of Secrets
After earning her Ph.D. from Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, Yardley coordinated medical trials for a small Japanese pharmaceutical company. She traveled so much for work that she wrote her entire first novel on airplanes.

Sandra Kitt
Fearless Men; Southern Comfort
As librarian at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City, Kitt enrolled in astronomy classes to learn more on the subject. She struck up a friendship with one of the guest speakers, Isaac Asimov, who asked her to illustrate two of his books (she's also a graphic designer).

Meg Cabot
She Went All the Way; The Bride Wore Size 12
Cabot's gig as an assistant manager at an undergraduate dormitory at New York University freed up time to write on weekends. It also gave her fodder for her Heather Wells mystery series, whose protagonist supervises dorm life.

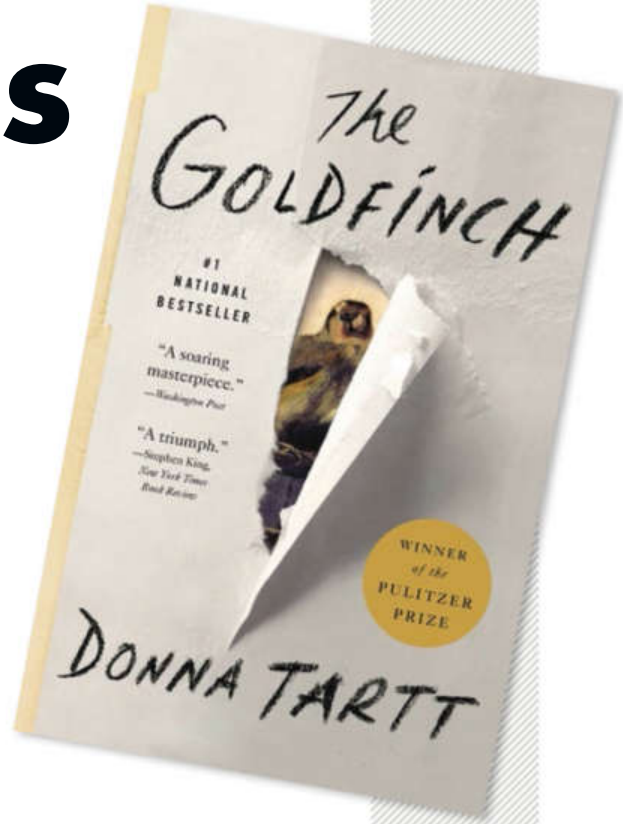
Christina Skye
Seven Nights With a Pirate; Seducing the Rake; Code Name: Bikini
Armed with a doctorate in Chinese literature, Skye worked for the National Geographic Society and the American Museum of National History. She was also a translator for an oil consortium.

Lucilla Andrews
Nurse Errant; The Young Doctors Downstairs
The cofounder of the Romantic Novelists' Association worked as a nurse during World War II. Unsurprisingly, she'd go on to specialize in doctor-nurse romances.

Charlotte Lamb
Pagan Encounter; Bride Said No
This typist for the Bank of England later worked as a researcher for the BBC. She spent the last 23 years of her life on the Isle of Man, where she lived as a tax exile.

Justine Davis
Operation Power Play; One of These Nights
Davis served as a sworn police officer in Southern California, a job that nearly kept her from writing: "I was having too much fun helping to catch bad guys."

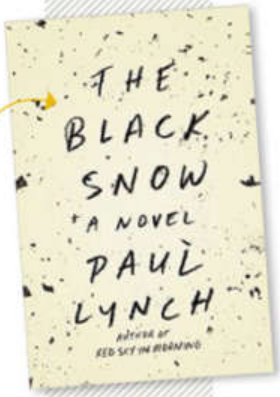
Confessions of a Book Cover Designer



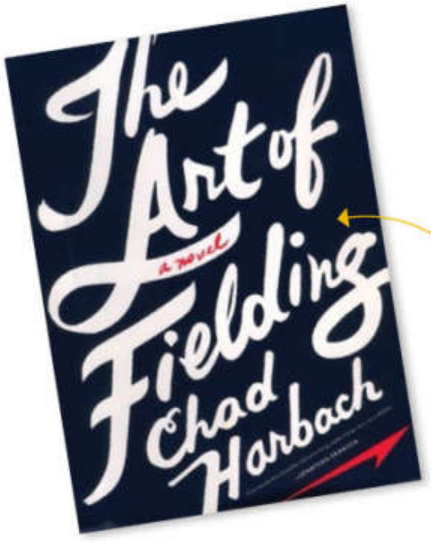
It's almost embarrassing to start with the cliché that you can't judge a book by its cover, but that's exactly how many of us decide which book we'll take home. A design is more than just a pretty picture: Typeface, imagery, graphics, and color all play a role in signaling a book's content and tone—and in getting readers to make a purchase. Here, art director **Keith Hayes,** who's created some of the most memorable covers in recent years for publisher Little, Brown and Company, reveals the secrets of his trade.

AS TOLD TO **TIM MURPHY**

You can't start a design from what you think a buyer is going to like. Who really knows what's going to sell? We think about what sums up the story, how we interpret the story. Then: Is it going to be beautiful and grab someone's attention in a store?



I start by reading the manuscript. Sometimes the solution is obvious; other times I let it sit for a minute. Then comes a lot of sketching, a lot of bad stuff. Sometimes it comes easily. Recently, I worked on a novel by Paul Lynch called *The Black Snow*. There was a fire in the book, and I thought it would be beautiful to show falling ashes, from a scene in which someone is looking up at the sky. I found a bunch of different photos of cigarette ash, then I hand-lettered the type. It went over well from the beginning.



What was torturous? *The Art of Fielding.* I went through so many rounds with that one. I read the manuscript and didn't know what to take away. The title made it clear baseball was a big thing, and I knew I needed to show it somehow. After a few tries, the publisher said to me, "I don't want to limit this to men who like sports, though it'd be nice to have some

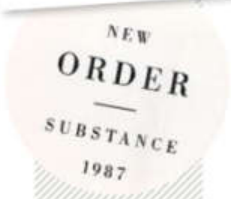
nod to baseball." So I tried depicting the main character different ways. None of it went over. Then one day I was scrawling out the title—scribbling on a napkin. The Yankees logo came into my head, because it's cursive. At that point, I'd never hand-lettered anything before. I took my handwriting, scanned it, and built on it with Adobe Illustrator. Everyone said, "That's it!"

Those are the best covers. It doesn't spell out what the book is about, but it gets at the tone. That's the great thing about typography—without any image, you can say this is going to be a big thriller, or this is a literary title. Straight-up fonts looked too stiff for *The Art of Fielding*. So I made my own handwriting really big and had it go from edge to edge to show the book's expansiveness.

There are tropes. I cringe when someone says, "Can we put a woman on the cover?" I don't know why they think women on covers sell books. Feet were a big thing a couple years back. So were silhouettes. And records on book covers, like Michael Chabon's *Telegraph Avenue*.

I really like the cover I just did for *Imagine Me Gone* by Adam Haslett, which comes out next May. It's a nod to old New Order album covers designed by Peter Saville, because a character in the novel is an avid fan of that music. Without giving spoilers, the book is really sad and about loss. I didn't know how to sum that up, until I decided to take two letters away. It's a simple, strong solution done with type.

I like covers that don't look like book covers. My pie-in-the-sky cover would be one without type—just an image-based cover, no title, no author. I think that would be effective branding.

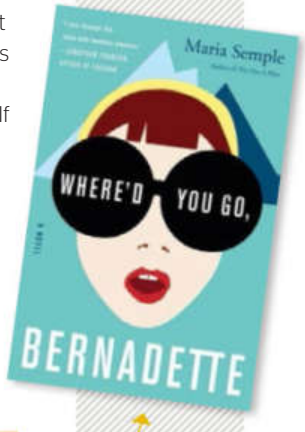


Marketing or sales will often say to make it red, make it bright. But if everything is bright and red, nothing's going to stand out. I tend to stay in the more muted region of black and cream.

The cover for Donna Tartt's *The Goldfinch* is based on "The Goldfinch," the original 1654 painting by Dutch painter Carel Fabritius. In the novel, the main character steals the painting and hides it wrapped in newsprint. That image stuck with me. Donna's only request for the cover was that I not show the painting. But she ended up loving it, which means a lot to me, because I knew I better not screw that one up. It was one of those covers that was right from the beginning and didn't have to go through rounds and rounds.

A cover goes through so many people. We have a weekly meeting where we present designs to the publisher, editors, and sales and marketing staff. They either love or hate it or ask for some kind of a revision. If they love it, it's off to the author, who has the final decision. Occasionally, Amazon or Barnes & Noble could have a problem with the cover, and we wind up doing it over. But that doesn't happen often.

Usually the authors' wishes get filtered to me through editors. But there are exceptions. Maria Semple, who wrote the bestseller *Where'd You Go, Bernadette*, which I designed, came in recently to chat about her new novel.



I love the midcentury covers of classics by Alvin Lustig because of the graphic interpretation of the stories—very simple and bold. Nowadays, they want to put so much of a story on a cover, demanding, "It needs to say more." Long ago, it was just a beautiful package—bold, graphic, and colorful. Each cover looked like a mini poster you'd want to display.

There's a series of new Camus editions done by Helen Yentus. I love how they hold together, and the graphic quality—if you look at the cover for *The Plague*, she was able to illustrate what a plague might look like.

I wasn't into books before coming to this job. I was going to be a veterinarian. But when I was younger, I drew and painted. On a whim, I went to the School of Visual Arts in New York, and the rest is history. I read all the books I design. In my spare time, I'm a photographer. I don't use many photos in my covers, but shooting is helping me with my cover designs.

I hate walking into a store and seeing my cover. Often my covers don't reflect my first choice. You do your best with what editorial and marketing want. But *The Art of Fielding* was a big book—it was everywhere, and I do have a sense of pride when I see it.

This interview has been condensed and edited.

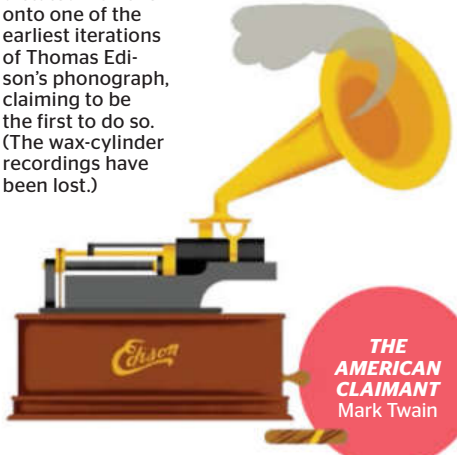
Tools of the Trade

You know these masterpieces. But do you know how they were written?

BY **KYLE CHAYKA**

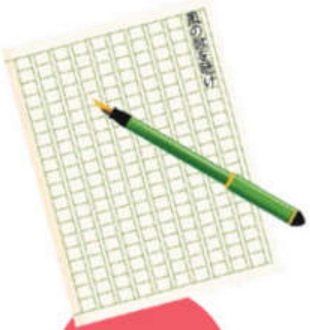
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **SHANNON MAY**

Phonographic Dictation: Twain dictated his novel onto one of the earliest iterations of Thomas Edison's phonograph, claiming to be the first to do so. (The wax-cylinder recordings have been lost.)



Royal KMM Typewriter: Didion, on her airplane packing list: "Notice the typewriter ... the idea was to turn in the Hertz car, check in, find an empty bench, and start typing the day's notes."

Sailor Fountain Pen and *Genkō Yōshi*: "When I thought about sitting down ... and starting to write, I realized that I didn't even own a decent fountain pen," Murakami wrote. Enter this Japanese manuscript paper and $5 pen: "A small capital investment on my part."



THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT Mark Twain

THE WHITE ALBUM Joan Didion

HEAR THE WIND SING Haruki Murakami

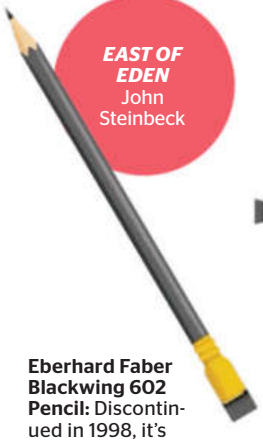
1667 | **1892** | **1920s** | **1952** | **1976** | **1979**

PARADISE LOST John Milton

Screaming at Daughters and Various Other Amanuenses: From 1656 to 1667, every day until it was complete, the blind Milton needed to (in his words) "be milked" of what would become his magnum opus. The scene of Milton's daughters taking his dictation has inspired several paintings.

A MOVEABLE FEAST Ernest Hemingway

Blue Notebooks: Hemingway wrote of 1920s Paris, "The blue-backed notebooks, the two pencils and the pencil sharpener ... and luck were all you needed." And no, despite marketing claims, he didn't use a Moleskine.



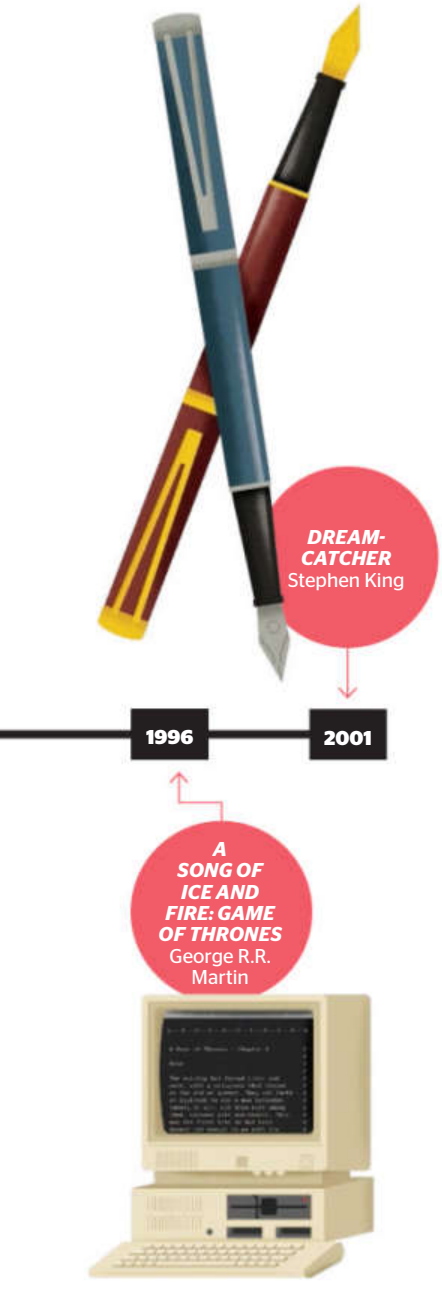
EAST OF EDEN John Steinbeck

Eberhard Faber Blackwing 602 Pencil: Discontinued in 1998, it's maybe the most beloved pencil ever. Reproductions are available, but you can still find original 602s on eBay ($50 per pencil).

ROOTS Alex Haley

IBM Electric Model 3: "I don't know how many tears I shed over my typewriter," Haley said of writing his seminal work. After the book's success, he finally had enough money for a dream purchase: "The fanciest dictation machine and IBM typewriter I could find. It even erases my mistakes."

Waterman Fountain Pen: In the author's note to *Dreamcatcher*, King wrote: "This book was written with the world's finest word processor, a Waterman cartridge fountain pen. To write the first draft of such a long book by hand put me in touch with the language as I haven't been in years. One rarely finds such opportunities in the 21st century, and they are to be savored."



WordStar 4.0: Martin still uses the WordStar. He loves its minimalism, since he hates features like autocorrect. ("If I wanted a capital, I would have typed a capital—I know how to work the shift key," he's said.)

14 Unusual Items You Can Get at Libraries

Check (out) your assumptions at the door; librarians don't deal only in books these days.

1 Umbrellas for Rainy Days Cornell University Library in Ithaca, New York, began offering portable weather protection in 2014. Umbrellas can be borrowed from any campus library for up to three days at a time.

2 Drones, of Course Last year, the University of South Florida announced plans to offer remote-controlled drones for student projects.

3 A Box of Rocks Geology students can snag rock and mineral sets at some college libraries, like those at Georgia Perimeter.

4 All Kinds of People To help break stereotypes, Bainbridge Public Library in Washington hosts what it calls a living library that allows patrons to talk informally with "people on loan" of various ages, genders, and cultural backgrounds.

5 American Girl Dolls The Arlington Public Library in Virginia has eight American Girl dolls, worth $100 or more, available for borrowers. (Some dolls were private donations; others came from the American Girl company.)

6 Surfboards The seaside Inverloch Library in Victoria, Australia, keeps a surfboard for locals looking to catch a few waves on the cheap.

7 Art for Your Office The Aurora Public Library in Illinois will make you look like the most sophisticated person on the cube farm. They have 30 sculptures available for guests to borrow for up to eight weeks.

8 Tools for Your Baking Needs Although several libraries offer kitchen tools, the Coventry Public Library in Rhode Island puts them all to shame with its collection of 50-plus unique cake pans (including a Spongebob Squarepants one).

9 Blizzard Supplies Snowed in at the Alice M. Ward Memorial Library in Canaan, Vermont? Take out a pair of snowshoes. (If you'd rather hunker down inside, they also loan out an Xbox 360.)

10 Knitting Needles The Morse Institute Library in Natick, Massachusetts, joined a growing movement by offering knitting and crochet sets to any resident with a library card.

11 Help for Your Hobby The Library of Things at the Sacramento Public Library offers musical instruments, board games, video game consoles, and even sewing machines.

12 Everything You Need If You'd Rather Be Fishing Dozens of public libraries, like the one in Red Oak, Texas, lend out poles, lures, and tackle boxes.

13 Seeds More than 300 libraries across the country have vegetable and flower seeds. Borrowers are encouraged to save and donate seeds from their grown plants so the collections—just like your garden—continue to thrive.

14 Puppies to Help You Chill Spending time with a pet can reduce stress and improve mood, so Yale Law's library loans out a therapy dog named Monty for 30 minutes at a time. –GABE LUZIER

THIS YEAR, PATTERSON IS ON TRACK TO GIVE $1.75 MILLION TO SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THE PATRON SAINT OF BOOKS

JAMES PATTERSON MIGHT BE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MAN IN THE BOOK-WRITING BUSINESS. BUT THESE DAYS, HE WANTS SOMETHING MORE.

BY **CAMILLE DODERO**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **DAVID WILLIAMS**

YOU KNOW THE NAME. You've seen it, embossed and shimmering, in that big, bold text, in airport kiosks and supermarkets, in bookstores and bulk-buy warehouses, practically anyplace where a book might be sold. There's a simple reason for that: James Patterson is aggressively better than anyone else on the planet when it comes to making books people love to read.

With more than 305 million copies of his 148 books in print, Patterson has the distinction of having been the top-selling fiction writer (living or dead) of the 2000s, according to Nielsen BookScan. He holds a Guinness World Record for being the first author to sell more than one million e-books. This year, *Forbes* determined that Patterson is not only the world's highest-paid writer by a long shot, raking in $63 million more than the runner-up, he's also the seventh-highest-paid celebrity in the world—outranking Taylor Swift and LeBron James.

The breadth of that power is difficult to reconcile with the man himself, a casual fellow with untamed eyebrows and a paternal air. He's just arrived early (he's always early) to the Manhattan headquarters of his longtime publisher, Little, Brown and Company, where the James Patterson team has 10 full-time employees. Coming from Briarcliff Manor in Westchester, New York—where he owns a lavish house overlooking the Hudson, in addition to a 20,000-square-foot home in Palm Beach, Florida—he's in town today for a slate of afternoon meetings. Tonight, he'll catch a Yankees game with his 17-year-old son, Jack, which means he'll miss the new episode of *Zoo*, the prime-time CBS series based on his 2012 novel. He's just notched another No. 1 on *The New York Times* best-seller list for his latest hardcover, *Alert*. "Yes, I love that people are reading the books," he says, waving off a congratulations. "It doesn't matter to me, strangely."

Maybe that's because if Patterson pays attention to the good, he has to pay attention to the bad. And there has been bad. Stephen King once called him "a terrible writer." *Washington Post* reviewer Patrick Anderson trashed his work as "sick, sexist, sadistic, and subliterate." With the help of an army of paid co-writers, he's so prolific—17 books for adults and kids in 2015—that his name has become a kind of critical shorthand for mass-market mediocrity.

It matters not. Millions of people are almost pathologically addicted to his tales of veteran cops and kidnappers, lending Patterson access to an expansive demographic. His thrillers are the most requested at Rikers Island, the New York City jail. For the last eight years, he's been the most borrowed author in British libraries. Against the stereotypes, despite his characters' many mutilations and gory deaths, women are his most loyal fans.

All this is why the thing he does care about deeply right now may stand a fighting chance: reading. Patterson's philanthropic preoccupation is the recreational and cultural decline of books. This year, he's on track to give $1.75 million to school libraries. Last year, he donated $1 million to independent bookstores. And in May, he announced his own children's imprint, Jimmy Patterson, which will release up to a dozen young readers' books a year and donate Patterson's profits to his literacy programs.

So yes, you already know him. You don't have to love him. But there's one thing you need to recognize James Patterson as: the guy who might save books.

THIS IS THE PART OF NONFICTION that bores Patterson, the part when the narration jerks back half a century to trace the chain of events that led to the present. Patterson's mega-sellers don't do this. "I find a lot of nonfiction to be really tedious," he told an interviewer in 2008. "The first chapter, you go, 'Oh, that was really interesting,' and then the second chapter: '80 years earlier, Harry's aunt was born in Tupelo, Mississippi,' and I'm like, 'Hold it—I don't need all that information.'"

But to appreciate the improbability of Patterson's success, you do need some information. He was born in 1947 and grew up in Newburgh, New York, a place he describes as "a tough little town with a lot of problems." His father sold insurance, his mother taught at a Catholic school, and although he was valedictorian of his all-boys' parochial high school, he wasn't much of a reader.

That changed after graduation. When his family moved to Massachusetts, the Manhattan College undergrad got a job at renowned psych facility McLean Hospital. He worked the night shift on summers and holidays. "I just started reading, reading, reading," Patterson recalls. Cambridge, home of Harvard University, wasn't far away, so he frequented its secondhand bookstores. "All of a sudden, I'm reading [Mexican American novelist] John Rechy and [French writer] Jean Genet, and I'm like, 'Holy shit: People don't all think the way they do in Orange County, New York.'" He delighted in the discovery of magic realism (Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* was a favorite) and was dazzled by one of McLean's patients, poet Robert Lowell, who'd regularly hold court in his room. "That was spectacular," Patterson says. "It influenced me to be around a famous writer."

PATTERSON APPEARS in episodes of the ABC crime drama *Castle* as one of Richard Castle's literary poker buddies, along with authors Dennis Lehane, Stephen J. Cannell, Robert Weldon, and others.

HIS COMMERCIALS have seen Patterson dressed as a pirate, golfer, and superhero, as well as dragging a dead body and wearing a red, sequined lounge-singer-style suit. They are fantastic.

As an English graduate student at Vanderbilt, he scribbled "goofy, marijuana-laced" fiction. (It was the early 1970s.) Then Patterson moved to Manhattan, where he took a job as a junior copywriter at advertising agency J. Walter Thompson after meeting one of the agency's employees. "She was wearing a T-shirt to work and had a Viet Cong flag in her office, and she said she was making a fortune," he told *Variety* in 1994. "I thought, 'This could be OK.'"

But he was still interested in literature. Patterson never supposed he could be a writer by trade; he'd read *Ulysses* twice and knew he was incapable of that level of craft. But popular fiction, like *The Exorcist* and *The Day of the Jackal*? Those kinds of books he might be able to emulate.

So he tried, nights and weekends, writing on a typewriter in his apartment kitchen. Gradually, he sculpted *The Thomas Berryman Number*, a suspense novel 31

publishers rejected before Little, Brown bought the manuscript. The book's signing took place at the World Trade Center in 1976. No one but his girlfriend came.

The following year, Patterson received a call from a woman on the Edgar Awards committee, inviting him to the mystery writers' annual banquet. The event was only four days away; Patterson already had a commitment. "But you won!" the woman blurted out. He canceled his plans. "When I was in the audience, I was still frightened that she lied to me just to get me to go," he remembers. She hadn't: *The Thomas Berryman Number* won the 1977 award for best first novel. He hadn't prepared a speech. "I said something to the effect of, 'I guess I'm a writer now.'"

Rising early every day to write before heading to the office, he completed five more modestly successful novels in the next decade, including the *Rosemary's Baby* imitation *Virgin* (now titled *Cradle and All*), and *Black Market*, a 1986 conspiracy thriller *Kirkus Reviews* trashed as an "abysmally dumb terrorist novel whose plot would embarrass a Superman movie."

In the early 1980s, Patterson's girlfriend was diagnosed with a brain tumor; the illness ended her life. It took him years to recover. Ultimately, her death motivated him to work more deliberately, and he set out to write a popular book.

By 1991, Patterson was the North American CEO at J. Walter Thompson. There he co-authored a study that asked more than 5,000 anonymous Americans about sex, God, family, and politics. The findings, which Prentice Hall published as *The Day America Told the Truth*, suggested some uncomfortable things about the nation's interior life: A quarter of respondents said they'd abandon their families for $10 million; 7 percent claimed they would kill a stranger for that same amount of money. The survey also suggested that African Americans hewed more closely to traditional values than other demographics—along with Hispanics, they were ingrained with a sense of moral duty. Patterson used the research to cast his next protagonist, Alex Cross: a likable African American detective and psychologist working against the bias of class in Washington, D.C. A gripping psycho-thriller, *Along Came a Spider* had its hero tracking a fame-obsessed serial killer.

Little, Brown liked it so much they signed Patterson to a two-book contract. He wanted to advertise the novel with a commercial, but the publishers were skeptical. "I said to them, 'Let's do television.' They said, 'We don't do television,'" he remembers. So he produced and shot the 15-second clip for the serial-killer mystery on his own dime; they later agreed to split the cost. "You can stop waiting for the next *Silence of the Lambs*," was the spot's closing provocation. It aired in three markets. On January 31, 1993, *Along Came a Spider* debuted at No. 9 on *The New York Times* hardcover fiction list. Critical response was lukewarm, but the paperback debuted at No. 2 on the bestseller list and sold more than two million copies in a year. After 18 years and seven published novels, Patterson was now a bestselling author.

PATTERSON HAS WRITTEN 148 BOOKS—BUT ONLY ONE EMAIL.

6 OTHER PATRON SAINTS OF BOOKS

1
Cai Lun
(50–120)
Inventor of Paper

Paper didn't exist back when Cai was a eunuch on the Chinese imperial court. Most people just wrote on silk cloths. Cai invented a less expensive alternative made from a pulp of mulberry bark, hemp, rags, and fishnets. It led to a literary flowering that took over the world.

2
Ibn al-Nadim
(10th century)
History's Bibliographer

A Baghdad bookseller, al-Nadim compiled *Kitāb al-Fihrist*, an "index of the books of all nations, Arabs and non-Arabs alike ... on every branch of knowledge." It remains one of the most crucial sources for works that otherwise would have been lost to time.

3
Pi Shang
(990–1051)
Father of Movable Type

A Chinese commoner, Pi created the technique of movable type in the 11th century. (Nope, it wasn't Johannes Gutenberg. And the oldest surviving printed book, the *Diamond Sutra*, was printed nearly 600 years before the Gutenberg Bible.)

4
Andrew Carnegie
(1835–1919)
Library Magnate

Before he was a steel tycoon, Carnegie was a working-class kid who loved to read. He'd go on to donate $60 million—$1.3 billion in today's money—to build more than 2,500 libraries (75 percent of American libraries were built with his money).

5
Mary Lemist Titcomb
(1852–1932)
Mother of the Bookmobile

Titcomb believed people shouldn't have to look for books. Instead, books should come to the people, particularly in rural areas. In 1905, she started America's first bookmobile, dragging 2,500 texts down country roads in a horse-drawn wagon.

6
Caresse Crosby
(1891–1970)
The Greatest Eye for Literary Talent

The "literary godmother" of Lost Generation writers, Crosby co-founded the Black Sun Press with her husband and helped Ernest Hemingway, Anaïs Nin, James Joyce, Charles Bukowski, and Kay Boyle get their big breaks. (She also invented the modern bra.)

ALAMY (BOOKS)

TODAY, THERE ARE 20 PUBLISHED NOVELS in the main Alex Cross series (soon to be 21), three movies, a holiday spin-off, and a book of historical fiction about the detective's ancestors, "authored" by the character. Five other Patterson-created adult fiction series also publish new installments annually. In addition to these series, Patterson has released more than 32 standalone thrillers, five romance novels, and two nonfiction books. He's also written a picture book, and then there are all the other books he's written for young readers.

In order to maintain this pace of production, Patterson employs a small stable of co-authors, including former colleagues who wrote fiction on the side and an ex-doorman who'd sought him out for advice. This is a major contention for Patterson's detractors. ("The lowest common denominator of cynical, scuzzy, assembly-line writing," wrote critic Patrick Anderson.) In other creative disciplines, collaboration is common. But in literature, Patterson is seen as a brand manager, even though that's inaccurate.

His role is more like superstar editor and auteur: He conceives every title's premise and plot, drafts outlines of 50 to 80 pages, then hands them to a co-writer. In *Publishers Weekly,* co-author Mark Sullivan described the outlines as "trusted navigational charts" that can take six weeks to sketch. The co-authors connect the plot points, rough out prose, and add ideas. They file sections every few weeks to Patterson, who swats back notes.

Patterson writes every day—longhand, with a pencil and paper. He still rises with the sun, works for a few hours, breaks to play golf, returns to work, then knocks off for dinner to hang out with his wife and son. He still makes those commercials, but now he's starring in them, dressed like a pirate or wearing sunglasses and a sequined fuchsia jacket. He doesn't have to do this—it's not like he needs the exposure—but, he says, "It doesn't take a lot of time, and it's easy."

Patterson has only sent one email in his life ("a test email"), but he's not a technophobe: He travels with a tablet. He used to read voraciously, finishing around 100 books a year, but his pace has slowed since he's taken on children's literature. "It's unfortunate—I'm not as stimulated," he says. His literary taste is inclusive and curious, from "junk fiction" (his words) to "serious stuff." Patterson cites Gabriel García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* as the work that most changed his writing life. He wants kids to find those formative books too.

ABOUT A DECADE AGO Patterson noticed that his elementary-school-age son wasn't reading beyond obligation. Jack's friends weren't reading either. Patterson saw this as a symptom of miseducation: Kids weren't being introduced to books they liked in school. They were forced to read hard, boring ones—so they thought reading was hard and boring. Patterson set out to write books kids would like.

In 2005, he published the first book in the *Maximum Ride* young-adult fantasy series. Within the last decade, Patterson has racked up more *New York Times* bestsellers for kids than any other living author, and his children's books have sold more than 30 million copies.

But still, he felt he could do more. In 2013, he took out a full-page ad in *The New York Times Book Review* and *Publishers Weekly* advocating for government intervention to help save America's books, bookstores, and libraries. He also established a grant program for school libraries. Two months in, the fund had 28,000 requests. "Twenty-eight thousand just saying, 'Please help us: We haven't been able to buy books in seven years, we don't have a librarian, the shelves are literally falling apart, how can we put books in here?" In 2015, Patterson raised his school contribution to $1.75 million.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS ARROGANT TO THINK THAT I COULD BE A WRITER," PATTERSON SAYS.

In addition to $1 million in grants to U.S. booksellers in 2014, Patterson topped off his commitment to boosting independent bookstores with around $170,000 in grants to British and Irish independents this year. It's worth noting that these types of stores are, generally speaking, the places that would steer customers away from his books. No matter to him. "I have never been a fan of payback," he says. "It's a good thing to do." Currently, he's considering going to Iowa before the caucus and holding a rally to draw attention to the overlooked issue of literacy.

Maybe it's crazy to think that an author as critically derided and ravenously consumed as Patterson can mount a substantial effort (no matter how moneyed) to save books in America. But Patterson's big numbers and bombastic book operation stand in stark contrast to his relatively modest words on being a successful novelist.

"I thought it was arrogant to think that I could be a writer," he says, sitting across from an entire wall of his books. "Somebody [famously] said, 'You're lucky if you find something you like to do in life, and it's a miracle if somebody will actually pay you to do that.'

That's kind of what happened with me."

How to Sell Your Book

We spoke with several anonymous publishing insiders to find out the truth about landing a publishing deal.

BY **KYLE CHAYKA**

1
GO BIG.
To sell a book, you have to write one, or at least have a great pitch. Fiction sells on the strength of a completed manuscript, while nonfiction sells on the strength of a proposal (you can find examples online). Be it fiction or nonfiction, a major editor at one of publishing's "Big Five" houses explains that major books attract attention: "It's a question of scope—what range of human emotion does it cover? Does it attempt to say something larger about the human condition while also telling a personal story?"

2
PROCURE AN AGENT.
Once you finish a manuscript or proposal, find an agent to sell your book. "It often involves being connected through a third party," says a former literary agency employee. But you don't have to know someone—you can always cold query an agent. Reach out to one who has a track record selling the kind of book you're writing. Reading Publishers Lunch, an industry website that's updated several times a day, can help you find agents who sell your genre.

3
BUILD YOUR PROFILE.
Everyone we talked to agreed: Your viability as an author isn't exclusively hinged on your writing. Whether it's completing a regarded MFA program or helming a beloved Twitter account, the options for establishing credibility (and attracting the industry's attention) are wider than ever. And after your book comes out, it helps to be close to the press. "I always tell young writers it's beneficial to be in New York a few months before and after their book publishes. It makes a big difference," one novelist says.

4
GET THE RIGHT DEAL.
If an agent signs on, she'll shop your book to editors. "I've signed people after attending readings and hearing something really great. That has resulted in a couple of book deals," one editor says. If multiple editors want your book, they'll compete for it in a round-robin auction topped by a blind final bid. To determine what to pay at auctions, "we try to look at sales figures of similar books, books that seem comparable to us, especially those that we've done before," the editor says.

5
MAINTAIN EXPECTATIONS.
Publishing a book is not a get-rich-quick scheme. The house might not even recoup its advance on your book—according to one agent, 60 to 70 percent of books don't. Popularity can also be illusory. *The New York Times* bestseller list doesn't chart total sales but rather sales growth and other stats. And Amazon's bestseller list functions like a heat map. "If you sell 5,000 copies of something and it's your debut, you're OK. It's slow, but you're not doomed," one agent says.

6
STAY COMMITTED.
Whatever you do, keep writing and be in it for the long haul. An editor explains: "I ask myself: Is this person committed to being an author? Are they going to, in another couple of years, have something else that we're going to want to publish?" The road to landing in a bookstore is tough and winding, but as long as you learn to love the entire publishing process—victories, rejections, and everything in between—you're going to give yourself a decent chance.

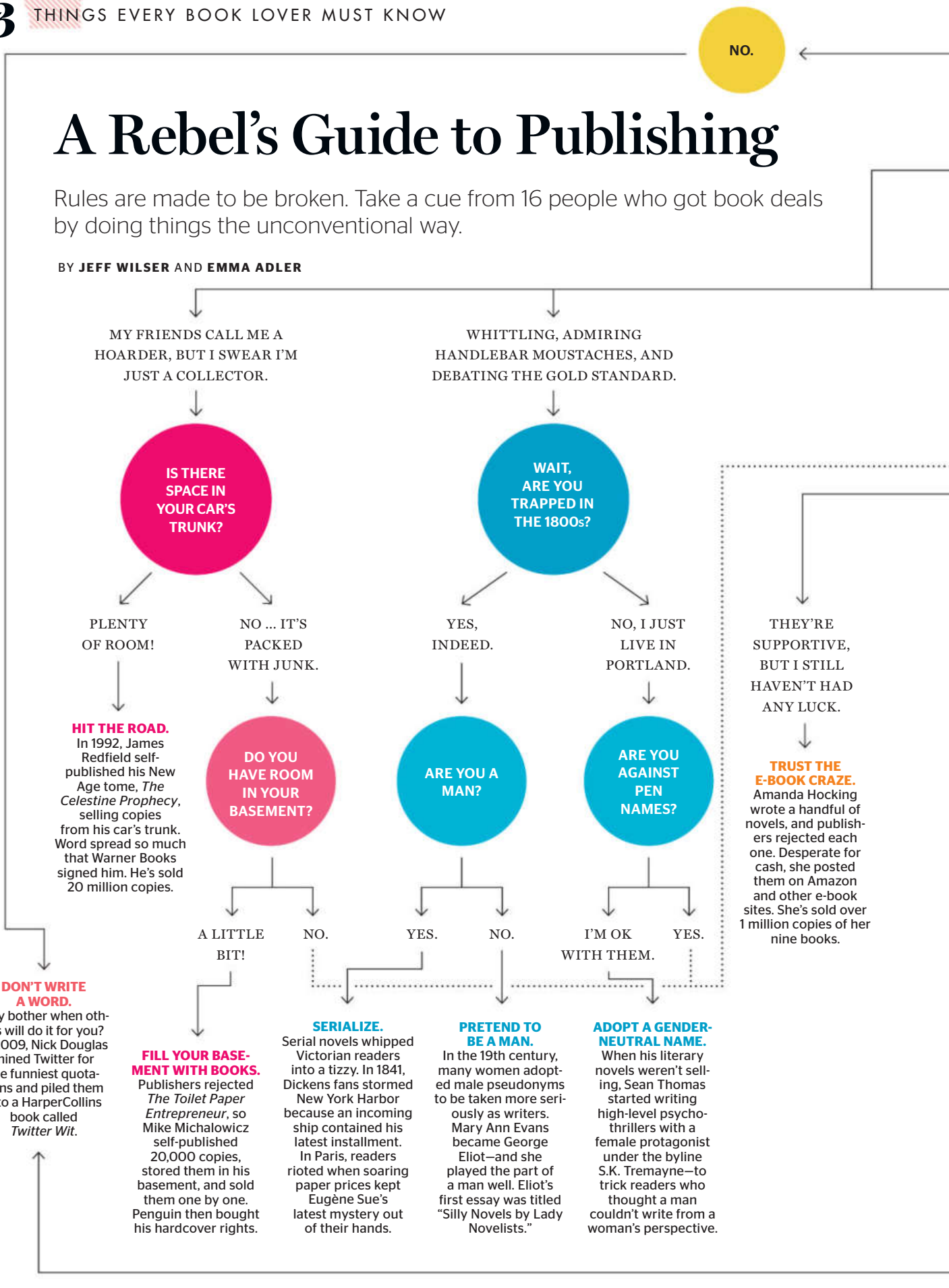
TURN THE PAGE FOR 15 MORE WAYS TO GET PUBLISHED

ALAMY

A Rebel's Guide to Publishing

Rules are made to be broken. Take a cue from 16 people who got book deals by doing things the unconventional way.

BY **JEFF WILSER** AND **EMMA ADLER**


NO.
MY FRIENDS CALL ME A HOARDER, BUT I SWEAR I'M JUST A COLLECTOR.
WHITTLING, ADMIRING HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHES, AND DEBATING THE GOLD STANDARD.
IS THERE SPACE IN YOUR CAR'S TRUNK?
WAIT, ARE YOU TRAPPED IN THE 1800s?
PLENTY OF ROOM!
NO ... IT'S PACKED WITH JUNK.
YES, INDEED.
NO, I JUST LIVE IN PORTLAND.
THEY'RE SUPPORTIVE, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK.
HIT THE ROAD.
In 1992, James Redfield self-published his New Age tome, The Celestine Prophecy, selling copies from his car's trunk. Word spread so much that Warner Books signed him. He's sold 20 million copies.
DO YOU HAVE ROOM IN YOUR BASEMENT?
ARE YOU A MAN?
ARE YOU AGAINST PEN NAMES?
TRUST THE E-BOOK CRAZE.
Amanda Hocking wrote a handful of novels, and publishers rejected each one. Desperate for cash, she posted them on Amazon and other e-book sites. She's sold over 1 million copies of her nine books.
A LITTLE BIT!
NO.
YES.
NO.
I'M OK WITH THEM.
YES.
DON'T WRITE A WORD.
Why bother when others will do it for you? In 2009, Nick Douglas mined Twitter for the funniest quotations and piled them into a HarperCollins book called Twitter Wit.
FILL YOUR BASEMENT WITH BOOKS.
Publishers rejected The Toilet Paper Entrepreneur, so Mike Michalowicz self-published 20,000 copies, stored them in his basement, and sold them one by one. Penguin then bought his hardcover rights.
SERIALIZE.
Serial novels whipped Victorian readers into a tizzy. In 1841, Dickens fans stormed New York Harbor because an incoming ship contained his latest installment. In Paris, readers rioted when soaring paper prices kept Eugène Sue's latest mystery out of their hands.
PRETEND TO BE A MAN.
In the 19th century, many women adopted male pseudonyms to be taken more seriously as writers. Mary Ann Evans became George Eliot—and she played the part of a man well. Eliot's first essay was titled "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists."
ADOPT A GENDER-NEUTRAL NAME.
When his literary novels weren't selling, Sean Thomas started writing high-level psychothrillers with a female protagonist under the byline S.K. Tremayne—to trick readers who thought a man couldn't write from a woman's perspective.

START HERE!
HAVE YOU WRITTEN A BOOK?

YES.

WAS IT A THRILLER?

YES, BUT I'M WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES?

NO.

WRITING, OF COURSE!

HOBBIES?! I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DISTRACTIONS.

I SPEND MY TIME AT CHURCH.

DO YOUR FRIENDS JUDGE YOUR LITERARY AMBITIONS?

WELL, WHAT *DO* YOU HAVE TIME FOR?

WHY'S THAT?

THEY SAY I'M WASTING MY TIME.

PROVE YOUR DOUBTERS WRONG.
Margaret Mitchell started working on *Gone With the Wind* while she nursed an injury, never intending to publish—until a friend exclaimed, "Imagine, you writing a book!" Mitchell was so annoyed she took her manuscript to a Macmillan editor.

I'M A TEACHER.

I WAIT TABLES.

I'M TOO BUSY TO ANSWER.

I'VE BEEN GRIEVING LATELY.

IT'S A BIG PART OF MY LIFE.

COZY UP TO YOUR CUSTOMERS.
Stephanie Danler was a waitress at New York bistro Buvette. One of her regulars was an executive at Penguin, so in 2014, she gave him a manuscript. He was floored after reading just 10 pages; she landed a six-figure book deal.

CHANNEL YOUR EMOTIONS.
When her husband died in 1930, Irma Rombauer combated her sorrow by writing a cookbook. She used her life savings to pay a printing company for 3,000 copies. Her work, *The Joy of Cooking,* has since sold 18 million copies.

SEND IT TO YOUR PASTOR.
William Paul Young was a hotel night clerk when he wrote his first novel, *The Shack,* and sent it to a former pastor, who shared it with another minister. The two sent the book to 26 publishers. When it was rejected, they formed their own imprint, and the book became a bestseller.

ANY STUDENTS MAKE IT BIG?

COME ON. YOU CAN'T BE THAT BUSY.

A FEW, IN FACT!

YOU'RE KIDDING.

WELL, I HAVE SOME TIME.

SORRY. I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE SOUND OF HOW BUSY I AM.

CONSULT FAMOUS STUDENTS.
In 1918, William Strunk Jr., a professor at Cornell, wrote a style guide for his students. Years later, former student and *The New Yorker* writer E.B. White updated the book. It's now the gold standard of style guides.

BE PATIENT AND TRUST TRADITION.
Matthew Thomas wrote his first novel, *We Are Not Ourselves,* while he was a schoolteacher, penning it by hand over 10 years. Although he had no history in publishing, he sold it for more than $1 million.

FIND SUBSCRIBERS.
In the 18th century, writers would bypass publishers, selling stories through subscription services. After learning her publisher made bank on her 1782 novel, *Cecilia*, Frances Burney used a subscription to rake in more money.

WRITE A THRILLER.
Statistics are in your favor. According to U.K. bookseller Waterstones, 35 percent of all bestsellers from the last decade were thrillers.

ALAMY

MARGARET MITCHELL

Taste *why* the

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.

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www.fewspirits.com

AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO

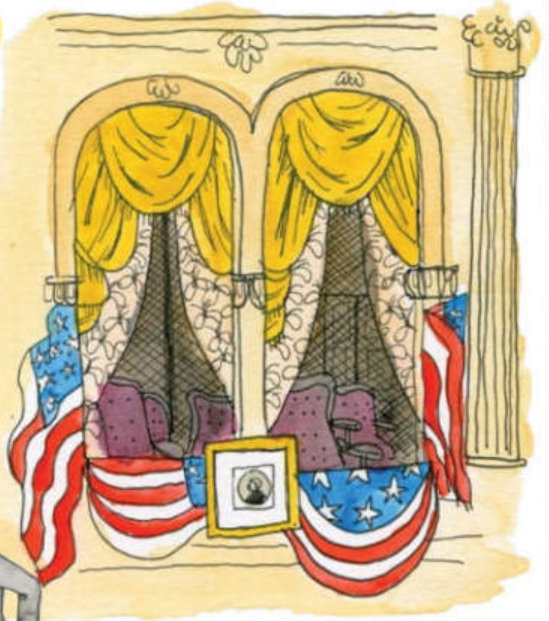
The Incredibly Unbelievable Conspiracy to Kill Abraham Lincoln

Including everything your teachers didn't tell you

By Lucas Adams

Part 1: The Background You Know

On April 14, 1865 – just six days after the Civil War ended – Abraham Lincoln visited Ford's Theatre to watch the play *Our American Cousin*.



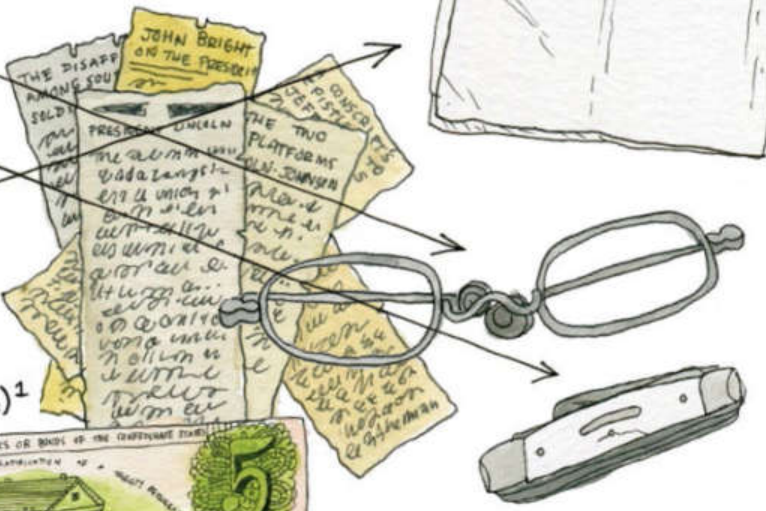
At intermission, Lincoln's guard stepped out to grab a beer. John Wilkes Booth, an actor with Confederate sympathies, was at the same saloon.

Booth entered the theater, slipped into the presidential box, and fired a .44-caliber derringer into the back of Lincoln's head. He jumped onto the stage and reportedly yelled, "The South is avenged."

Part 2: The Pockets

Lincoln died the following morning. His jacket was given to his son Robert, who found these items in his pockets:

A pair of glasses, mended with string
Another pair of glasses in a case
An ivory pocketknife
A watch fob
A handkerchief with "A. Lincoln" stitched in red thread
A sleeve button with "L" in gold
And a wallet holding a pencil, eight newspaper clippings with positive opinions about Lincoln, and a Confederate $5 bill (a souvenir from a trip to Virginia)[1]



Lincoln's life was over, but his legacy was just beginning. So was a series of bizarre events that gripped the nation.

[1] These items are currently housed at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.

Part 3: The Escape

After the shooting, Booth escaped D.C. on horseback.

$30,000 REWARD
DESCRIPTION
OF
JOHN WILKES BOOTH!
Who Assassinated the PRESIDENT on the Evening of April 14th, 1865.
Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 160 pounds; compact build; hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy dark eyebrows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines head forward; looks down.
The Common Council of Washington DC have offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest & conviction of this Assassin, in addition to which I will pay $10,000.
LC BAKER

Officials rounded up anyone with the faintest connection to Booth, from the theater's actors to the liveryman who rented him a horse. Rumors swirled that Booth was hiding out disguised as an elderly African American woman.

He actually escaped across the Potomac River into northern Virginia, where he and David Herold – who helped plan the attack – hid on a farm.

An ex-Confederate soldier named William Jett helped them hide. But when the authorities found Jett, they forced him to reveal Booth's location.

The cavalry cornered the two in a tobacco barn. Herold surrendered. The troops lit the barn on fire to smoke Booth out.

There were orders to take Booth alive, but Sergeant Boston Corbett spotted Booth through a gap in the burning barn and pulled the trigger. "God almighty directed me to," he said.

Corbett's superiors fumed. The military knew Booth hadn't acted alone, and now any information would follow him to the grave. Corbett became a celebrity, traveling the country to give lectures.

During Booth's autopsy, doctors retrieved the bullet by cutting out three vertebrae.[2]

2 Today, the bones are at the National Museum of Health and Medicine.

Part 4: The Conspirators

As investigators began collecting evidence, they learned more people had helped Booth.

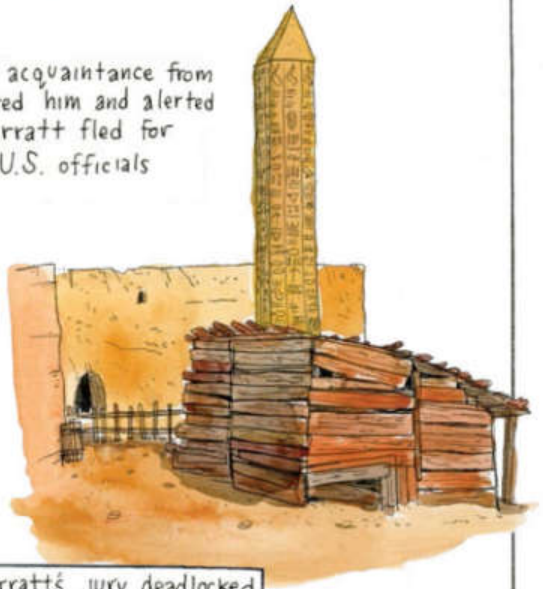
Booth led a network of conspirators. At first, they had plotted to kidnap Lincoln. But when it became clear the South could not win the war, they plotted an assassination.

Lincoln wasn't the only target. They intended to kill other top government officials: Vice President Andrew Johnson, General Ulysses S. Grant, and Secretary of State William Seward. Only Booth succeeded.[3]

Of nine conspirators, four were tried and executed (including Mary Surratt, the first woman executed by the United States government). One escaped, a Confederate messenger who aided the original kidnapping plans: Mary's son John Surratt.

He fled to Canada and sailed to Europe, where he enlisted with the army of the Papal States in Rome. →

Amazingly, an acquaintance from Maryland spotted him and alerted authorities. Surratt fled for Egypt, where U.S. officials nabbed him.



In 1868, Surratt's jury deadlocked and he walked free. He'd lead a normal life, working for a shipping company and having a family.

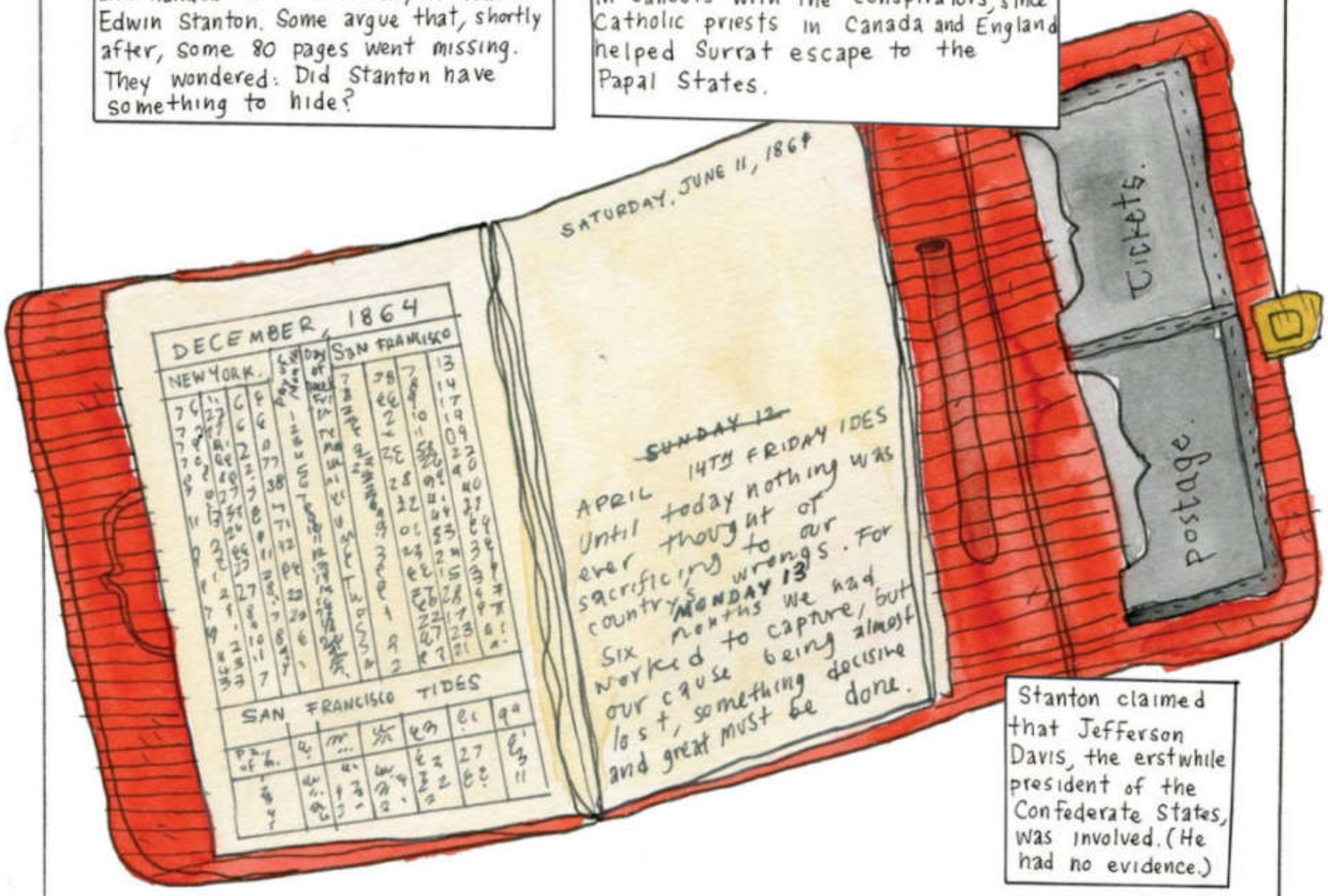
3 Seward survived a brutal stabbing, Johnson's assassin chickened out, and the plans to murder Grant fell through.

Part 5: The Rumors

The public didn't know how many people were part of the plot, so conspiracy theories bloomed.

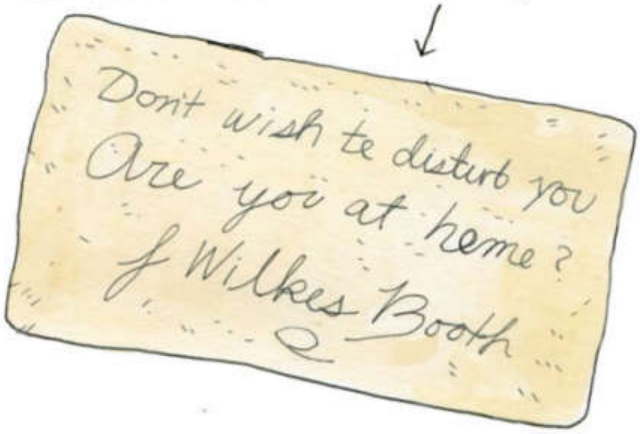
Federal troops recovered Booth's journal and handed it to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. Some argue that, shortly after, some 80 pages went missing. They wondered: Did Stanton have something to hide?

Others accused the Jesuits of being in cahoots with the conspirators, since Catholic priests in Canada and England helped Surrat escape to the Papal States.


DECEMBER, 1864
NEW YORK.
SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO TIDES
SATURDAY. JUNE 11, 1864
~~SUNDAY 12~~
APRIL 14TH FRIDAY IDES
Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For
MONDAY 13
Six months we had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done.
Tickets.
Postage.

Stanton claimed that Jefferson Davis, the erstwhile president of the Confederate States, was involved. (He had no evidence.)

But conspiracy theorists can point to one piece of puzzling evidence that still raises eyebrows: a calling card left for Vice President Johnson at the Kirkwood House, written April 14, the day of Lincoln's murder.



Historians debate what Booth meant. Some say he was trying to frame Johnson as a conspirator. The note was enough to convince Mary Todd Lincoln that the vice president had a hand in her husband's death.

But like so many things, the answer to that followed Booth to the grave.

JOSH LUCAS

STEPHEN PLUNKETT

LUCY OWEN

MICKEY SUMNER

AUSTIN PENDLETON

DAVID GORDON GREEN PRESENTS

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Written & Directed by John Magary

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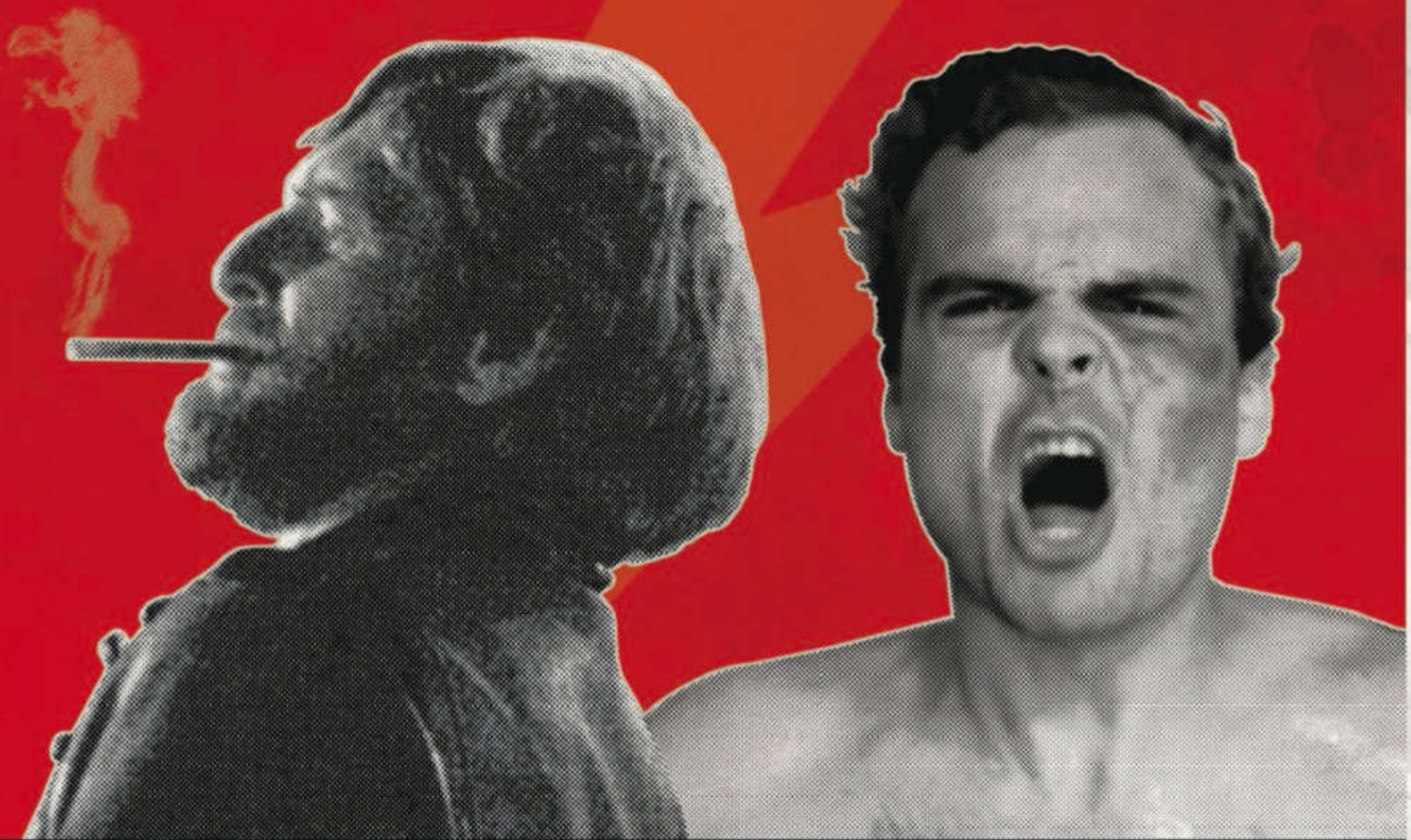
- Bilge Ebiri, New York Magazine/Vulture

"Funny, rugged and raw...with a sly sense of adventure"
- Nicolas Rapold, New York Times



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THE OUTDOORS FOR INSIDE PEOPLE ›
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ROLE MODEL

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Sarah Vowell[1] on her musical beginnings, dirty laundry, and love of index cards.

AS TOLD TO **ERIN McCARTHY**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LYNN DONALDSON**

When I was growing up, I wanted to be Louis Armstrong. My childhood dream was headlining at the Blue Note with my trio. I quit the trumpet when my teacher told me I wasn't good enough. After my musical career fizzled, I studied art history and started writing for my college newspaper.

I come from a Protestant background, and we love our work ethic. Music—especially jazz and classical music—lends itself to teeth-gritting, mind-numbing applying yourself. That kind of discipline leads to success in anything, I think.

Even as a small child, I was fascinated by the past. Some of my family are Cherokee Indians and ended up in Oklahoma because of the Trail of Tears. And some of [my ancestors] ended up there because they were Swedish immigrants. History was in my DNA.

[1]The author of seven nonfiction books, most recently *Lafayette in the Somewhat United States*. She was the voice of Violet in *The Incredibles*.

There weren't a ton of books around when I was a little kid. I lived out in the country and went to a small-town school. There was no library. The Bible was the main event, and then stories of American history, so it makes sense that I would end up writing them.

When I meet someone new and they ask me what I do, I say, "I'm a writer," and they say, "What do you write?" I say, "I write books." They say, "Oh, novels?" I say, "No, narrative nonfiction books about American history," and then, usually, there are no follow-up questions.

I'm curious about a lot of things. Right now I'm reading a book about a Japanese garden designer and a Danish crime novel, and I'm rereading the poems of Richard Hugo. I was thumbing through Hemingway's short stories yesterday, and the day before that I woke up at 4 a.m. and decided to reread Robert Frost.

When I'm starting to research, I sit around reading old letters, and diaries, and books about dead people. I love that part because it's just about learning, which is—and I hate to admit this in public—my favorite thing in the world. I spend way too much time researching, and then the jig is up, and I've got to scramble.

I think the rule to nonfiction is that there is no one rule. Every story deserves to be told differently.

I have an index card for every plot point, every quotation, every observation, every joke, every thought, every analysis. I arrange these cards on my living room rug and try to come to some cohesive semichronological trip through the topic.

I want the reader to learn along with me. I let it all hang out. I air my dirty laundry. I will tell a reader about the moment I learned something.

If I have a notepad and a pencil, that's all I need. I don't even need a table—I wrote a lot of this most recent book sitting in a big rocking chair.

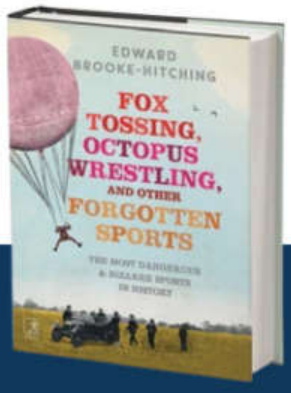
My latest book is two books under one cover. One is about the Marquis de Lafayette and how he personified the alliance with France. There's this second book swimming underneath about who we are as a country and how we've never gotten along—and how, even though this hinders us and makes us less efficient, it's also our strength.

Writing is a job. Basically you're just sitting in a room by yourself doing homework for the rest of your life. But I do have nightmares about having to get a regular job that you go to and put on shoes for. That is my biggest fear, that I would have to do that again.

This interview has been condensed and edited.

SPEED READ

7 Essential Sentences About *LOST DIVERSIONS*



FOX-TOSSING, OCTOPUS WRESTLING, AND OTHER FORGOTTEN SPORTS, BY EDWARD BROOKE-HITCHING, TOUCHSTONE ($24)

1. "Aerial golf" teams of the 1920s consisted of a player on the course and a pilot in the skies above, who would tee off by dropping balls from his aircraft.

2. The April 1949 issue of *Mechanix Illustrated* included an article titled "Octopus Wrestling Is My Hobby," by the diver Wilmon Menard.

3. *Asinate a pugna* was 16th-century Italy's combination of a donkey race and a mass fistfight.

4. In the mid-1960s Norfolk, England, "dwile flonking" became a favorite activity among locals, who gathered to dance to an accordion and hit one another in the face with beer-soaked rags.

5. Extemporary swearing matches in medieval Scotland called "flytings" valued imagination and verbal dexterity, somewhat like modern rap battles.

6. Alvin "Shipwreck" Kelly sparked the national craze of "flagpole sitting" by perching atop a Philadelphia flagpole for 13 hours and 13 minutes in 1924.

7. On her 63rd birthday, Annie Edson Taylor jumped Niagara Falls in a barrel—though not before testing the trick out on her cat first. (They both lived.)

TO DO

3 CELESTIAL EVENTS YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS

1 A DOUBLE PLANET (OCTOBER 26)

If you didn't see the coupling of Venus and Jupiter in June, don't fret: The two planets will appear to hug closely again on October 26, separated by just over one degree. Start your coffeepot early because the pair will be high in the sky at sunrise. Venus will be especially easy to spot, since it shines about 10 times brighter than Jupiter. To get the best view, look east just before sunrise.

2 TAURID SHOWER (NOVEMBER 4–12)

This meteor shower runs from late September through early December, when Earth passes through the path of the comet Encke. As rocks enter the earth's atmosphere and burn up, fiery streaks will light up the night sky. Midnight on November 12 will offer the best view, says Robert Lunsford of the American Meteor Society. The new moon will make for optimal inky-black skies.

3 GEMINID SHOWER (DECEMBER 12–14)

Geminid is the most dazzling and reliable meteor display of the year, with as many as 120 meteors per hour flitting across the skies. This year will be especially good, since the crescent moon will set early, leaving a pitch-black backdrop. A great time to watch in the Northern Hemisphere is around 1 a.m. on December 14, though you'll see plenty of action all three nights.

–JULIE WINTERBOTTOM

ALAMY

NOV. 3 NATIONAL SANDWICH DAY

HOT DATE!

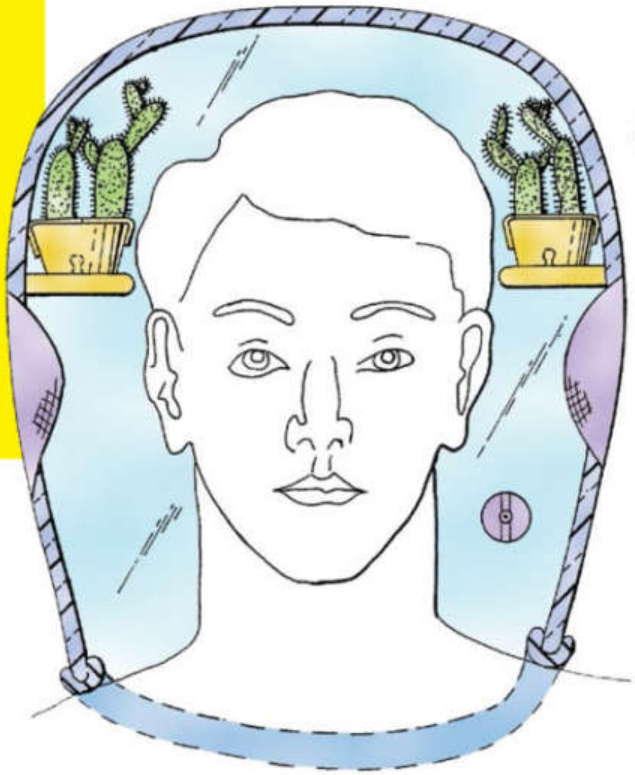
The sandwich is supposedly named after the fourth earl of Sandwich, John Montagu, who spent 24 hours at a gambling table with only some slices of cold beef between toast for refreshment.

PATENTLY ABSURD

Greenhouse Helmet

Patent: US 4605000 A

Published: Aug. 12, 1986

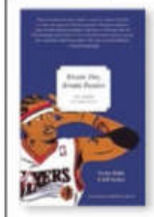


Everyone knows there's nothing like a walk outdoors for a breath of fresh air. But in a hectic, urban life, you may be too busy to plan a nature walk—let alone one around the corner. Not to worry: The greenhouse helmet will bring nature to you at a moment's notice. All you need to do is strap it to your face! A self-enclosed, anti-fog-treated dome sits over the wearer's head, containing multiple shelves to hold tiny plants inside. As you exhale, the plants soak up the carbon dioxide, supposedly stocking you in return with the purest oxygen money can buy. The helmet even has a two-way intercom system, so you can communicate with friends in the not-so-great outdoors. Now, no matter where you are, the air will always be as fresh as a daisy. Have fun watering your head, though.

THE PAPER TRAIL

5 THINGS TO READ RIGHT NOW

BRAIN CANDY ← → BRAIN KALE



Erratic Fire, Erratic Passion
by Pasha Malla and Jeff Parker (Featherproof Books, $14.95)

From postgame gab to sidelines chatter, there's poetry in everything: "I got / a whole 'nother / fire / about myself," is just one example from this collection of pro athletes' wisdom.

Step Aside, Pops
by Kate Beaton
(Drawn and Quarterly, $19.95)

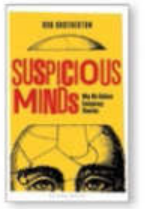
Cartoonist Beaton skewers fairy tales, Victorian idlers, and Napoléon Bonaparte in her pop culture parodies. Highlights include a satire of *Wuthering Heights*, a tiny Hermione, and imagined conversations between Chopin and Liszt.

The Comedians
by Kliph Nesteroff
(Grove Press, $28)

As this illuminating history of the humor business reveals, being a comedian in the 1930s meant working at nightclubs that were controlled by gangsters. At the time, "stand-up" was mob-speak for a reliably sturdy fighter in the ring.

Cast of Characters
by Thomas Vinciguerra
(W.W. Norton, $27.95)

This chronicle of *The New Yorker*'s early days is full of insider-y fun: Founder Harold Ross once mailed a pair of underwear to gossip Walter Winchell; theater critic Wolcott Gibbs edited by rearranging paragraphs on floors.



Suspicious Minds
by Rob Brotherton
(Bloomsbury USA, $27)

Our knack for seeing people as independent actors with free will may be hardwired. It helps us understand fellow humans, but it also makes us see intentions that don't exist—and believe conspiracy theories.

If you're wondering when we'll get robot maids, *The Jetsons* was set in 2062.

POP CULTURE SYLLABUS

ROBOTS

WELCOME OUR NEW OVERLORDS

A vast new exhibition in Chicago showcases the many ways that robots have become part of our everyday lives, from the therapeutic cuteness of PARO (an adorable baby seal used to comfort the elderly) to surveillance drones and Google's self-driving car. Hands-on displays let visitors interact (and play blackjack) with other advanced automatons, some of which have never been seen by the public. The only question left: When the museum closes for the night, do the robots stay up plotting our doom?

VISIT *Robot Revolution,* Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, through January 3, 2016

NOT-QUITE-CUDDLY CRITTERS

When Sony introduced Aibo, a robotic dog, in 1999, it hoped consumers could love a pet that didn't require the cleanup of a flesh-and-blood animal. After years of subpar sales, the company abandoned Aibo (Japanese for "companion"), to the heartbreak of some 150,000 owners. New Aibos stopped trotting off the production line in 2006, but it wasn't until March 2014 that the company stopped repairing those it had already sold. *The New York Times*'s touching documentary about the dog's final days includes a Buddhist funeral for bots, one globe-trotting robo-pup, and a sweet synchronized dance routine.

WATCH *The Family Dog,* nytimes.com

ROBO-RUDY

This underdog story follows a team of high school students to a very different kind of big game: the FIRST Robotics Competition. Begun in 1992 by inventor Dean Kamen, FIRST challenges kids to build game-playing robots that compete in a series of tournaments—balancing on beams, throwing balls in goals—culminating in a championship in front of thousands of screaming fans. Our heroes are the team from Dos Pueblos High School. Will they take the top prize?

READ *The New Cool: A Visionary Teacher, His FIRST Robotics Team, and the Ultimate Battle of Smarts,* by Neal Bascomb (Crown)

ALAMY (ROSIE). ISTOCK (APPLE, SHAMPOO, BIKER, HAIR GEL, WOMAN, HAIR DRYER, MAN, HAIRBRUSH)

THE SIMPLIFIER

NEWTON'S LAWS Described by HAIR PRODUCTS

PRINCIPLE	PRODUCT
Newton's Law of Gravitation	Shampoo
So essential to life as we know it, the time before its discovery seems ungrounded.	
Newton's First Law	Hair Gel
Like an unwieldy 'do in the breeze, an object in motion will stay in motion, unless it's met with an unbalanced force. But once it's at rest, it will stay there. Hopefully.	
Newton's Second Law	Hair Dryer
Moving large objects requires extra force. That's why 1980s metal bands should have swapped their blow-dryers for leaf blowers.	
Newton's Third Law	Hair Brush
If you push an object, it will push back, like that obstinate cowlick that won't flatten.	

GO MENTAL

THE QUIZ

BY **LUCAS ADAMS**

Start Here

1 Which is not a type of jet fighter?

A. Phantom
B. Banshee
C. Vampire
D. Werewolf

2 In 1830, what classroom innovation led Yale math students to boycott final exams?

A. Chalk
B. Standardized tests
C. Blackboards
D. Number grades

3 Jane Goodall has been criticized for naming the chimps she studies. Which is not one of those names?

A. Goblin
B. Boulder
C. Frodo
D. Gremlin

4 Which phrase was first uttered in a 1968 episode of *Star Trek*?

A. "Evil clone"
B. "Cyberspace"
C. "Computer virus"
D. "Warp speed"

5 In Mexico, the musical film *Grease* is titled ____.

A. *El Lubricado*
B. *Petróleo*
C. *Lard*
D. *Vaselina*

6 Which was not an early NFL franchise?

A. Frankford Yellow Jackets
B. Milwaukee Badgers
C. Providence Steam Rollers
D. Harrisburg Dynamite

7 What invented holiday did John D. Rockefeller consider more important than his birthday?

A. Anti-Trust Day
B. Marriage Day
C. Job Day
D. Pay Day

8 In 1907, a statue sparked a series of riots in London. What did the statue commemorate?

A. A dog
B. The Boxer Rebellion
C. Teacups
D. The Boer War

9 Donald Trump sold what product under his own name at gadget retailer Sharper Image?

A. Marshmallows
B. Mortgages
C. Robot vacuums
D. Steaks

10 What did singer-songwriter Cat Stevens name his first single?

A. "I Love My Cat"
B. "I Love My Mom"
C. "I Love My Dog"
D. "Girl, I Love Everything"

11 Which magazine featured a tour of Adolf Hitler's chalet in 1938?

A. *Homes and Gardens*
B. *Time*
C. *Punch*
D. *National Geographic*

12 After the 1994 Republican landslide, Ann Richards and Mario Cuomo appeared in a commercial shilling what snack?

A. Doritos

B. Gushers

C. Warheads

D. Fritos

ANSWERS
1. D (It's a stealthy Russian attack helicopter.)
2. C (Forty-three students were expelled in the Conic Sections Rebellion.)
3. B
4. D
5. D
6. D
7. C (On September 26, 1855, he got his first job—hence Job Day.)
8. A (The statue memorialized animals dissected alive. Medical students fought animal rights activists over it, triggering the Brown Dog Riots.)
9. D
10. C
11. A
12. A (The unseated Democratic governors spoke of "sweeping changes" ... to the Doritos bag design.)

Your Score!

0-3 Pretty Good
4-6 The Best
7-9 The Worst
10-12 Also Pretty Good

ALAMY (JET)

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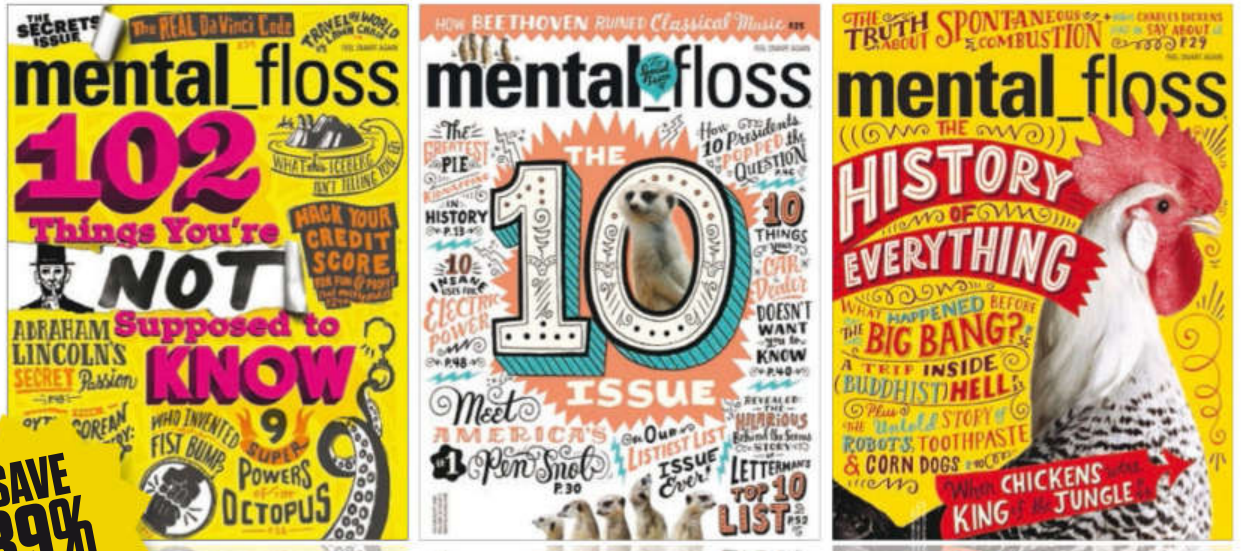
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